

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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No. 638—Vol. XXV.]

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 21, 1867.

[PRICE 10 CENTS. \$4 00 YEARLY.
13 WEEKS \$1 00.]

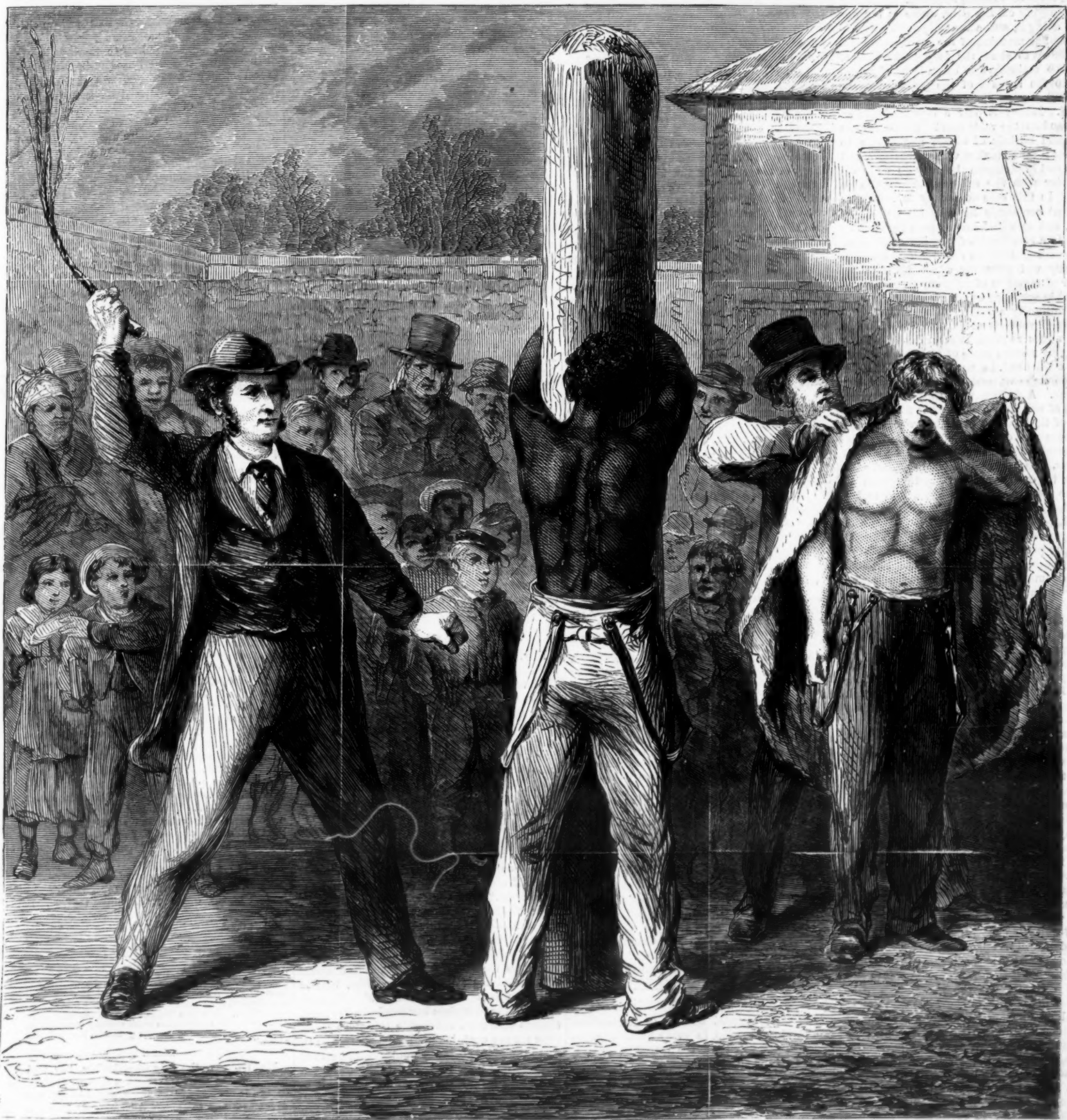
Payment of the National Debt.

THERE is a saying current among business men that there are two classes of bad debtors—those who pay too soon, and those who never pay at all. The reason for including the first class obviously is that men, in making investment, are in the habit of calculating closely the time when repayment is to be made, and should money come in without notice no oppor-

tunity is afforded for profitable reinvestment, and a loss of interest is incurred. In this view, the option resting with the United States, in its 5-20 loans, of paying any time not sooner than five or later than twenty years, was an objectionable feature. But then the lenders of the money considered that, with the publicity given to all Governmental acts, it would be easy to watch the signs of the times, and to be able to foresee, by some months or years, the

date of repayment. There is every reason to believe that had the term for repayment been absolutely fixed for twenty years, many advantages would have been gained, one of not the least of which would have been that no political agitation could possibly have been raised as to the mode of repayment, any more than as to the time, and thus one element of uncertainty, a great blemish in any loan in the eyes of capitalists, would have been got rid of.

As it is, nothing would tend to give greater firmness to our securities abroad than for Congress to declare that payment should positively not be made till the end of twenty years. But this, unfortunately, is just what Congress will not do, any more than it will pass the act recommended by Mr. McCulloch, declaring that the meaning and intent of the original act was that the principal of the loan should be paid in gold. So fertile a topic for political



LEGAL BARBARITIES AT NEW CASTLE, DELAWARE.—SEE PAGE 211.

agitators, and of which so many uses for purely partisan purposes can be made, cannot be parted with so easily. Agitation—agitation—is the very breath of your furious demagogue, and we might just as well expect the postponement of the next Presidential election as hope that a political question, on which so many reputations and aspirations will yet be wrecked, will be laid at rest for at least fifteen years to come.

The question naturally arises, Does any one want the loan repaid? Five years have expired since the 5-20s of 1862 were issued, and has any class of creditors, or any single individual, expressed disappointment that his money has not been repaid? It may, on the contrary, be safely affirmed that nothing would give greater satisfaction to the public creditors than to know that the day of repayment is deferred to the longest period stipulated. Whence, then, arises, the agitation of the present day in regard to the payment of a debt not yet due? It is, of course, quite clear that by far the largest portion of the public burdens arises from the payment of the interest on the debt, and if the payment could be effected our taxation would be comparatively light. Again, the doubt that rests over the question as to the kind of money in which the principal of the debt is payable, is one well calculated to harass the public mind, and this is intimately connected with, and, in fact, leads to what we conceive to be the true cause of the present agitation, namely, that it affords a chance to political demagogues to raise fresh issues, and bring themselves before the public, with new chances in their favor of winning applause.

As to paying off the debt, there is but one way of doing it, and a very slight attention to the essential meaning of the word *money* will be sufficient to show the folly or knavery of those who maintain that by an issue of greenbacks to the amount of the public debt the claims of the public creditors can be discharged. Money is only a representative of values, and not the value itself. If a farmer has a thousand bushels of wheat, and wishes to exchange it for a stock of winter groceries, and clothes and implements, he may do so by direct barter with the sellers of the articles he wants. In this case no money is required; but most commonly he sells his wheat for money, and with that money pays for what he buys. In a rough sort of way the quantity of the circulating medium called money afloat in a country will generally adapt itself to the number of transfers of property from one inhabitant to another; but if by some act of supreme authority a larger issue of the representative of value is made than the exchange of the values require, it is evident that the farmer will receive more of it for his wheat. On the other hand, he must pay more of it for what he purchases, and the net result will be the same. A farmer who raises a thousand bushels of wheat by his labor has added to the wealth of the country what his wheat brings him above the expenses of its production. But a Government that manufactures a stamped paper, and makes it a legal tender, adds nothing to our wealth. It merely adds so much to the circulating medium, and makes the exchangeable value of all articles so much the higher—that is, raises prices. A state of society where only pure barter exists, and yet prosperity prevails, is quite conceivable. But it is impossible to imagine a tribe of Bedouin Arabs becoming rich by the mere possession of paper money.

Now, when the Government applied to the people for loans of money, it was supplied from the accumulated earnings of past years of prosperity. The money it got was wasted, by which we merely mean that it was expended on purposes which brought no material returns, in the economical sense of the word. It was so much taken from the industry of the people, and was as much lost to our national wealth as if a man should invest his fortune in gunpowder, and blow it away in one immense explosion. Is it not therefore evident that before the debt can be paid off by taxes derived from the industry of the people, that industry must rise to a height far exceeding what it did before the war, and any attempt to pay it by any other means must be fraudulent and delusive? If issuing greenbacks were creating wealth, it might be quite proper to issue greenbacks, but as we have shown that labor is the only source of wealth, and issuing greenbacks could only disturb the existing relations of values, we trust the folly of those who are in favor of unlimited Government issues to pay off the debt will be apparent.

Only one greater absurdity was that started by the New York Herald, and that was to pay off the debt by subscription. The debt amounted to one-fifth of the assessed value of the real and personal estate in the United States, and to propose to pay any debt by simple subscriptions involved an ignorance of facts and figures that only a "family paper of great moral ideas" could afford to indulge in. Messrs. Butler, Pendleton and Stevens, with their crowds of satellites, are to be congratulated upon having, in furtherance of their schemes, secured the aid of a newspaper which

shows such a profound knowledge of figures. In other respects, also, their cause is well-suited to the advocate, and their advocate to the cause. It is now contended by a party, which we regret to see increasing in numbers but not in respectability, that Government is not bound, by a legal construction of the act, to pay the principal of the 5-20 bonds in gold. Surely these people must think the public has lost its memory. It is within the recollection of every one that any such public statement as this would have subjected the utterer to the charge of treason, because he was trying to break down the credit of the Government, and he might have been fortunate to escape a sojourn in Fort Lafayette. Not payable in coin! Why, every successive Secretary of the Treasury has assured the world that it was; every agent employed by the Government to bring the loans into the market has stated this again and again; every pamphleteer deriving his inspiration from Government has assumed this to be the fact; it was dinned in the ears of European capitalists; and to express a doubt of it here was the worst insult that could be offered to loyal Republicans. And now Mr. Stevens, the chief author of the bill, tells us he knew all along that the principal was not payable in coin, and it was never intended so to pay it! Why, then, honest men will ask, has he kept silence so long? why, with this knowledge that the public was swallowing a gilded bait, that it was being deluded by a fraud, did he not, the head of his party, warn the people against the official misrepresentations made to them? Was it not his duty, in his place in Congress, to proclaim that we were being deceived? or did he keep silent because he knew that if the true legal meaning of his carefully-worded bill was spread abroad, the loans of the people would cease, and the supremacy of his party be endangered? To aid in imposing falsehood upon the world may be a capital party maneuver, but among men of sense and honor it is rascality in the extreme.

We shall never believe till we see it that the deliberately pledged faith of the United States Government will not rise superior to the quibblings of lawyers, and the tricks of political partisans. We Yankees have a European reputation of being pretty keen customers, but our worst enemies there have never accused us of the deliberate perfidy of receiving five hundred millions of dollars from their people, and when the time of payment came, of telling them that the faith of the Government was pledged on a misapprehension of the legal intent of the act, and therefore, instead of the current coin of the world, which was promised, we should pay them in paper of no value except here. New York State, we cannot deny, did this dirty act, and has covered herself with lasting disgrace; but we are citizens of a Union whose honor has hitherto stood untarnished before the world, as, we pray God, it ever may.

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NEW YORK, DECEMBER 21, 1867.

NOTICE—We have no travelling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

Our Principles.

"I WOULD reduce the rate of taxation to the lowest point that would defray the expenses of the Government, economically administered, and pay the interest and maturing obligations, and leave the principal of the bonded debt to be discharged in other and better times."—Senator Morton.

"In the passage by Congress of a bill by two-thirds majority over a Presidential veto, the Executive power is constitutionally annihilated on that subject, and the President has no longer a right, for any reason, to interpose an obstacle to the administration of the law."—Gov. Boutwell.

"Under no circumstance shall the credit of the Nation or State be injured by wrongful tampering with public obligations, nor shall the name of the Republic ever be dishonored by the slightest deviation from the path of financial integrity."—Republican Convention of New York.

"Let our laws and our institutions speak not of white men, not of red men, not of black men, not of men of any complexion; but like the laws of God—the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer—let them speak of the people."—Horace Mann.

Special Notice.

We shall be happy to enter into negotiations with any author of established reputation, whose engagements will permit, for a Continued Story for THE CHIMNEY CORNER or the LADY'S MAGAZINE. The highest price will be paid. Decision promptly given.

Progress of Reconstruction.

THE Congressional scheme of Reconstruction has been carried in every Southern State that has yet voted on the question, except, perhaps, in South Carolina. That is to say, it has been carried so far as this: Conventions for reorganizing those States, and framing Constitutions to be submitted to Congress, precisely as in the case of Territories aspiring to be States, have received a majority of

legal votes in every instance, except the one just named. The negroes have voted generally, and almost solid for the Conventions, of the members of which they have also elected a certain proportion from their own numbers. In North Carolina, particularly, and in all the other States in a less degree, they have been aided in their efforts to reinstate the South by the votes of the whites. Conventions thus called are in actual session in Alabama and Louisiana, and their proceedings are marked by quite as much ability, and a great deal more of practical result, than the Convention for the revision of the Constitution of this State, now pottering and paltering in Albany. The "radical" and unbearable measures that it was predicted they would adopt have not even been suggested, and it appears they are doing their work with excellent good sense and rapidity.

That the Constitutions thus formed will be accepted by Congress, and the lately rebel States be restored to representation in the National Legislature, hardly admits of doubt. Contumacious and short-sighted men may vote down the Constitution in Virginia and perhaps in some other States, and prevent their reaching Congress, and South Carolina may even refuse to form a new Constitution altogether. The only result will be, that such States will be left still longer under military rule, and unrepresented, until they repent of their contumacy. They may wait through the lifetime of this and the succeeding generation, but in the end they will also have to accept the alternative of negro suffrage. That suffrage has been extended not as a matter of choice, but as a necessary measure of policy sanctioned by the war and consequent on it, and it has already been exercised by the negroes. Is there any man so mad as to suppose this right can be taken away except by force, and who is there that proposes, or is prepared for such an appeal? The negroes can be no more deprived of the ballot now, than they can be re-enslaved.

Do South Carolina and Virginia base their hopes in this respect on the co-operation of their old allies of the North? Have they already forgotten the lesson of the war? The alliance that existed in former days between the so-called Democratic party and the South was not of principle but plunder, and was severed like burnt tow before the issue of battle. New and perhaps successful combinations may again be made for certain purposes, and may secure the profits of place and power, but they can never be made retrospective in action. Whatever rights and privileges the negroes have obtained will just as surely be respected and perpetuated with Mr. Pendleton in the Executive chair as with Wendell Phillips, for they cannot be taken away without war and bloodshed, and of that and for such an object no party will venture to take the responsibility. The North will not make war on the negroes, who were its allies; and the South will hesitate before it lights the fires of Santo Domingo through a war of castes.

We are not now discussing principles, but drawing attention to the logic of facts, and to a distinct alternative impossible to avoid. An irrevocable step, for better or for worse, has been taken in investing the negro with the franchise. Wise men will make the best of conditions henceforth unchangeable. To open a hopeless contest, or to protract a losing one, is the height of human folly. Sometimes it is a crime.

Mr. Walker on the Finances.

HON. R. J. WALKER, formerly Secretary of the Treasury, and one of the most active and efficient agents of the Government in placing our bonds abroad, has written a long and able letter on our National Finances. It is too long to be reproduced, even in an abbreviated form, in these columns, but it should go into the hands of every intelligent and reflecting man and patriot.

Mr. Walker truly says that when the German people, amid general European distrust, came forward to take our bonds, and thus relieved the Treasury, "Our greatest peril was financial; and although the glorious deeds of our army and navy, and their gallant leaders, saved us on the ocean and the land, yet the Secretary of the Treasury was the real generalissimo of the contest."

Mr. Walker's exposure of the financial fallacies of Butler, and of the consequences of the infamous financial programme of Pendleton and his followers, is thorough and conclusive. He shows that both would result in financial ruin, involving rich and poor alike, besides bringing upon the country unutterable disgrace. He proposes to replace our irredeemable legal-tenders with gold, obtainable through a European six per cent. loan (a doubtful expedient). As to the public debt, he would limit its rate of redemption to our present capacities, and not paralyze these by over-taxation, but trust to our increasing wealth for lightening the load. That is to say, he would have us pay off one million this year, two millions next, and so on, reducing our taxes in the meanwhile so as to

relieve industry and enterprise from their present almost insupportable burdens, and enable them to create the wealth and develop the resources which will every year be better able to grapple with the principal of the public debt.

We concur in these statesmanlike views, and hope that Mr. Walker will find time to put them in a more compact and popular shape for general dissemination.

"Once a Subject Always a Subject."

POPULAR meetings of Irishmen are not gatherings in which to look for much sense or moderation. Yet it is noticeable that the demagogues who have recently been getting up such meetings under pretense of sympathy for certain Fenian convicts have been very careful not to commit themselves, in the resolutions they have proposed and adopted, to any of the popular Irish fallacies. They have limited themselves, beyond idle and frothy expressions, which mean nothing and effect nothing, to an emphatic denial of the pretension of "once a subject always a subject," which has never been given up by Great Britain, Prussia, or any other leading European power. Here Pat is right, and in this the American people is with him. We maintain with him the right of self-expatriation, and contend that our Government should make this the subject of serious remonstrance and negotiation with every power that does not admit it both in theory and practice. It is a question that ought not to be left open for a day longer.

But by the same token, if an American citizen, native-born or naturalized, goes to England, Cuba, Mexico, or France, to excite insurrection against the constituted authority, whatever that may be or however bad it may be, he has no right to plead his American citizenship in bar of such punishment as the law imposes. The men hung in Manchester admitted that they were there under false names for Fenian purposes, and they did not deny that they were aiding and abetting in the rescue of some of their associates, and were engaged in a riot in which a policeman was killed. That is the whole story. The event was bad for them. So it was for the policeman; and when the sympathizers with the executed men in this city undertook to get up a post-mortuary procession in their honor or to their memory, we are not surprised that they received a curt and very proper rebuke from the Superintendent of Police. They asked him for a police escort or guard of honor, and this was the Superintendent's response:

"A parade intended to do honor to the murderers of the Manchester policeman having been projected for to-morrow, you will on that day hold your whole command on duty, your off platform in reserve, subject to future orders."
JOHN A. KENNEDY.

PROFESSOR WHITNEY, of Yale College, has published a work on the origin of languages, which has attracted much attention at home and abroad. We extract a passage:

"The origin of language is divine in the same sense in which man's nature, with all its capacities and acquisitions, physical and moral, is a divine creation; it is human in that it is brought about through that nature, by human instrumentality. It is but a childish philosophy which can see no other way to make out a divine agency in human language than by regarding that agency as specially and miraculously efficient in the first stage of formation of language. We may fairly compare it with the wisdom of the little girl, who, on being asked who made her, replied: 'God made me a little baby so high' (dropping her hand to within a foot of the floor), 'and I grew the rest.' The power which originates is not to be separated from that which maintains and develops; both are one, one in their essential nature, one in their general mode of action."

GEN. GRANT tells us in his report that there are 308 cemeteries in the United States, in which are interred the bodies of United States soldiers. Eighty-one of these are known as "national cemeteries." The total number of United States soldiers interred in cemeteries is 251,827, of which 238,666 are interred in the national cemeteries. Seventy-six thousand two hundred and sixty-three bodies are yet to be interred in these cemeteries, which, when completed, will make the total number 328,090. Twenty thousand eight hundred and sixty-one rebel prisoners of war have been interred. The estimated cost of fencing the cemeteries is \$709,000. The amount already expended on cemeteries is estimated at \$1,737,000. The total cost of the cemeteries, when completed, is estimated at \$3,500,000.

THE London Spectator, our fast friend during the war, is not pleased with the policy of the leaders of the Union or Republican party. It says:

"It is the fault of them all that they have allowed wretched little questions like Sabbatarianism and lager beer to alienate their German allies, and have stooped in the basest way to conciliate parties like the Fenians, whom at heart they despise as men who want to be citizens of two countries at once. It is the fault of them all that they elected Mr. Johnson, knowing that he was by mental habit a Unionist Southerner, and that they have shrunk either from supporting him or deposing him. It is the fault of them all that they have expressed such readiness to make General Grant President without knowing anything about his political views."

MR. SWEENEY, the City Chamberlain, has just paid into the City Treasury the sum of \$24,105, being the amount of "Profits realized on moneys of the City and County." All right, so far as it goes. But "realized" since when? If the Citizens' Association is right, more than ten times that sum has been "realized" since Mr. Sweeney

came into office. We are promised monthly statements hereafter.

ALTHOUGH the export of cotton last year was but 650,572,829 pounds, against 1,767,686,338 in 1866, yet the cash return for it was greater, i. e.: \$199,563,897 in 1866, against \$191,896,555 in 1865. The value for 1867 is estimated at \$143,908,801, an amount never exceeded but by three years in our history.

VARIA.

THE engagement of Miss Kitty Dix, youngest daughter of General Dix, our Minister to France, to Mr. Walsh, formerly of Brooklyn, is announced. The wedding is to take place soon, and many elegant bridal presents have already been sent to Paris from this side of the water.

The Novara, with the remains of Maximilian on board, sailed from Havana for Trieste on the 4th of December. The wreck which embarked the remains of this unfortunate and misguided prince removed the eyes, hair and beard of the corpse, probably with the mercenary object of selling them as curiosities. Havana it is argued will be gratified to learn that he has been imprisoned in the city of Mexico for this wanton mutilation of the human body.

The Princess Salm-Salm, who has been on a successful trip to Mexico to secure the liberation of her husband, left New York for Vienna on the 14th instant, in which city she expects to join her husband, who left Vera Cruz for Europe a week ago. He expects to join the Austrian army.

Mr. Charles Dickens was dined at the rooms of the Atlantic Club, in Boston, on the 30th ult., by the authors, poets and literati of the "modern Athens."

The volcano of Vesuvius is in active operation for the benefit of a corps of savans who have gone there to find out what is the cause. Whether they intend to prescribe remedial treatment or a preventive of future eruptions is not definitely stated. A new volcano has burst forth in Australia, or rather, to speak more correctly, it has just now attracted public attention, from the fact that the fire is spreading. Geologists affirm that it is a coal-seam on fire. It is located in a district bearing the mellifluous name of Mururundi, and has been lighted over fifty years.

Since the days of the great Sanitary Fairs, held all over the United States during our civil war, a prominent feature of every fair has been the voting of some valuable article to some popular association, organization or individual, each vote costing the voter from twenty-five cents to a dollar. From trumpets to fire-companies to a piano for the handsomest lady, all sorts of articles have been thus disposed of, realizing in each case a hundred times the net cost of the present. The latest gift is offered by the Fair of the Homeopathic Hospital at Pittsburg, and consists of a dressing-gown, slippers, smoking-cap and meerschaum to be voted to the most popular editor in that city.

Weston's famous pedestrian trip continues to bring all sorts of odd wagers before the public. Some small boys of Providence, E. I., undertook to rival him and were ignominiously captured by the police and brought home again. A Detroit man has made a wager to walk seventy-two consecutive hours, resting five minutes each hour. Another wishes to bet that he can walk a certain distance against time on his hands. Still another has lately won a wager by crawling on his hands and knees. This is surely pedestrianism run mad. A tax collector offers to bet that he can walk further, and collect less money, than any other man in the United States; while another "muscular christian" will not be satisfied till he finds an antagonist who will march over the country with him, armed and equipped as a soldier of Uncle Sam, until either of the party gives up.

The town of Brock, in Holland, claims to be the cleanest in the world. Well it may be, for neither horses or vehicles are allowed in the streets. If the object of the town be to show a clean bill, it certainly has achieved a success; but what an immense amount of business must there be done in a city that expels our equine servant from its walls.

The author of the proverb, "There is no royal road to knowledge," could not have foreseen the present system of teaching children without books, called "the object system," now so popular in the most advanced schools. In this system the slate and pencil are the only tools with which the infant is entrusted. By a late improvement in blackboards an inventor threatens to do away with even this toil on the part of the pupils, by an arrangement too abstract to explain here, any problem of mathematics, geometry, geography, or music is quickly simplified to the astonished youth of to-day.

TOPSY-TURVY WORLD.

If the butterfly courted the bee,
And the owl the porcupine;
If churches were built in the sea,
And three times one were nine;
If the pony rode his master;
If the buttercups ate the cows;
If the cat had the dire disaster
To be worried sir, by the mouse;
If any or all these wonders
Should ever come about,
I should not consider them blunders
If I couldn't do without.

THEATRICAL FEUILLETON.

NOTHING new has, during the past week, been given us in theatrical—musical or otherwise. In writing of them we should only have to chronicle the continuance or reproduction of former acquaintances. The task of fashioning-out a pleasant *feuilleton* is, consequently, as difficult as it might be to rear a goodly edifice without stone or mortar.

It is true, indeed, that the semi-successful dramatization of the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher's novel of "Norwood" has been withdrawn, and "Under the Gaslight" has taken its place.

But what can we say of a drama that we have reviewed before, when it is merely offered with a slight change in the cast, which by no means improves it?

The Worrell Sisters are very charming figures to look at when they are dressed in tight or abbreviated skirts. In burlesque they are passable; but in the sensational drama they are nowhere. In "Norwood," which was by no means sensational, they were equally remote from their proper sphere, and were quite as different as the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher's plot and Mr. Daly's arrangement of it. In "Under the Gaslight," which was intended to be sensational, they are even more indifferent than they were in "Norwood."

Pretty faces and graceful limbs are invaluable adjuncts to histrionic ability; but, without the latter, they can simply count as graceful limbs and pretty faces.

We may thoroughly relish looking at them for ten or fifteen minutes; but we need patience when we have to endure them on the other side of the footlights for a longer period.

It was Jules Janin or Theophile Gautier—we forget which Parisian *feuilletoniste* it was—who once said, in a jeering way, that "clever brains and shapely ankles rarely are found in company." The Frenchman was writing of the stage, and we feel strongly disposed to endorse his sneer in an even more general and wider application. When we see a looped-up skirt and a trim little foot, the chances are nine in ten that intellectual ballast is wanting. So, when you see upon the scenes a splendid pair of continuations, you may reasonably conclude that there is no great amount of talent surmounting them. In other words, ankles and brains seldom balance each other.

Is this any reason that if we relish brains, we should not delight in ankles as well?

Certainly not. But in heaven's name let us keep brains and ankles in their right places.

In burlesque and ballet we require the one. But even in such a drama as "Norwood" we demand a modicum of the other. It may be admitted that this need be but a small portion, yet this small portion is absolutely necessary, and the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher has suffered from its absence. We would not infer that any amount of brain could have made his novel a success in its dramatic share, yet it might have saved it from its ignominious failure to attract the houses which constitute the mere-nary success of the playwright. For all success at the present day is gauged by the dollar, and the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher is, personally, no more an exception to the rule than the luckless Mr. Daly. We would, therefore, recommend the clerical novelist never to entrust the manufacturing of a tale of his into a stage-play without very carefully scanning and scrutinizing the company on whose ability the dramatic employer of the shears and paste-pot is going to rest its chances of a hit. Let him especially apply his measuring-tape to the intellectual inches of the female "stars" who are about to create for him a few months of theatrical glory. We offer him this advice in the purest spirit of love and respect for his talent. Knowing, as we do, the fatal fascination of the histrionic paste-pot and shears, we feel convinced that the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher will never again permit them to be employed upon a work of his by other than his own hands. Let him, then, forego the conscientious scruples which restrain him from visiting any theatrical temple. By so doing he will arrive at some idea of how to shape him out a triumph which shall efface the memory of his present dramatic Bull Run, and at some future day may become as great an ornament to the side-scenes as he now is to the lecture-desk and the pulpit.

With our sincere wish that this may be so, in the most Christianly philanthropic spirit we lay down the pen.

The Philadelphia papers inform us that there has been a lively time in the rectangular City of Brotherly Love. John Broughman's new, and as we are informed, eccentric comedy of "The Lottery of Life," originated it. It arose from the high color bestowed upon his part by one of the actors. Some of the critics took it upon themselves to denounce the play as immoral. The aggrieved Celt who wrote "Pocahontas" replied in a letter, which at the same time vindicated his morality and afforded him a capital advertisement. In consequence of the letter or the morality, dependent sayeth not which—the play has been as successful in Philadelphia as it was in Boston.

ART GOSSIP.

THE artists of the studios in Tenth street, and at No. 212 Fifth avenue, with some few exceptions, have arranged for throwing open their studios on Saturday afternoons, according to the custom established by them last winter. This series of receptions was revived on Saturday, December 7th, and will be continued throughout the winter season.

Winslow Homer, who has just established himself in one of the towers of the University Building, brings evidence with him of assiduous work during his residence of less than a year in France. Among his studies in oil are several vigorous ones drawn from French peasant-life in the harvest fields, and also some studies of landscapes, introducing those quaint old provincial homesteads so picturesque with their irregular angles and steep roofs. Sketches from the towers of Notre Dame also figure among the material brought with him by Mr. Homer, by whom the grotesque architecture of older Paris has not been overlooked.

We have lately seen in the studio of Eastman Johnson, a drawing in colored chalks, nearly finished by him, the subject of which is Abraham Lincoln in the time of his early youth. For his character Mr. Johnson has selected a type of a young lad, somewhat more than a boy, and yet not quite a man, and whose physique and general appearance are just what one might be led to suppose regarding the youthful traits of the subject. The young Lincoln is represented in a shanty, the objects in which are dimly discerned in the gloom. He is seated near a wood fire; very long-legged he is, and sprawling as to his limbs, and he is eagerly poring over a book by the light from the fire. Mr. Johnson has also nearly finished a woodland subject, with a girl carrying a child upon her shoulders over a log that spans a swampy creek. Another rustic subject, nearly finished, is a small picture of a girl and churn. In charcoal Mr. Johnson works with great success. He has lately finished a large drawing in that effective but difficult material, a subject taken from camp life; the group consisting of a wounded soldier of very youthful appearance, who has been placed in his camp-bed under some trees, where a young lady sits by and reads to him. For expression this drawing is admirable, and all the details are worked up with exquisite skill.

A very fine landscape, lately finished by Inness, has just been added to Snodgrass's Gallery. It is a large picture of the mountain scenery of New Hampshire, and is painted with greater care in regard to foreground objects and general details than is usual with Mr. Inness. It is a transcript of Nature in one of her solemn and mystic moods, full of the grandeur of dark mountain and darker hollow; and, taking it altogether, the picture is, to our mind, the best one that has yet been painted by the artist.

A good picture by Bouguereau has lately been imported by Mr. Knodler, in whose gallery it is now to be seen. The subject is a simple one, and simply treated. Two young girls, one a mere child, are wandering in a splendid street in Paris, the elder being provided with a violin. The picture is painted with great force, and is one of the best examples of Bouguereau yet brought to this country.

A landscape of large cabinet size, with a flock of sheep ranged over the foreground, has just been finished by Edwin Forbes, and will soon be placed in Knodler's Gallery. It is a picture of summer repose, with a clear blue sky, and faint, warm shadows throughout the composition. The group of sheep is arranged in a very natural manner, and each individual "Cotswold" of the flock is drawn and painted with great fidelity.

The Dorand pictures in the Leeds Art Gallery, which were sold at auction on Thursday evening, December 5th, will be succeeded by a number of pictures from the pencil of J. H. Dolph, which will also be sold after having remained on view for a few days. In the same exhibition there will also be some pictures, the work of several New York artists of mark.

BOOK NOTICES.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE. By JOHN W. FORNEY. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

These letters originally appeared in *The Press* during the past summer, while the author was traveling in Europe, and are now reproduced in book form. They represent the impressions made on the mind of a cultivated and observant American during a rapid tour in England, France, Switzerland, Germany, Belgium and Holland. They are full of interest.

QUEER LITTLE PEOPLE. By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

A pretty story book for children about dogs and cats, squirrels, birds, etc., with pictures.

STORIES AND SIGHTS OF FRANCE AND ITALY. By GRACE GREENWOOD. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

A very attractive little volume of travels, stories and history, in the peculiarly pleasing style which has made the authoress so great a favorite with children.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

FROM T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia: "Tale of Two Cities;" "David Copperfield;" "Barnaby Rudge;" "The Old Curiosity Shop;" (People's Edition), and "The Pickwick Papers" (Svo. edition, with the original illustrations.) "Leyton Hall," by Mark Lemon.

FROM TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston: "Tale of Two Cities;" "Great Expectations;" and "Christmas Stories;" (Diamond edition), and "Dombey and Son;" (Charles Dickens's edition.)

FROM SHELDON & CO., New York: "The Sexton's Tale and other Poems;" by Theodore Tilton, and "Waiting for the Verdict;" by Mrs. R. H. Davis.

FROM THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, New York, "Modern Palmistry;" or, the Book of the Hand," by A. C. G. M. A.

FROM M. DOOLADY, New York: "Lucia Dare," a novel by the author of "Agnes Graham," etc.

OUR EUROPEAN LETTER.

Monaco—Nice.

Arma virumque cano, and why should not the *file* of St. Charles of Monaco be sung equally with that of St. Napoleon? Even as the happy Parisians on the fifteenth of August celebrate the greatness and the glory of France, so these twelve hundred subjects of the Prince of Monaco, on the 4th of November, with one cannon wake the hillsides to echo, and make the Mediterranean at night to burn like noon-day with the flash of fireworks. From his rocky fastness, full two hundred feet above the sea, in the midst of his solitary town, the potentate of Monaco surveys his dominion, and can, as is the fashion of rulers, assure his people that the past year has been full of blessings and prosperity, that Monaco is at peace with all the nations of the earth, and that he has contracted treaties and alliances full of promise for the future glory of Monaco!

How much more enviable, then, is Prince Charles than his brother monarchs who have larger possessions and greater cares? Behold what a predicament is Louis Napoleon in after sixteen years of struggles, and triumphs, and popularity with his thirty millions, that could hardly have been hoped for even by himself! Now, in declining age, he finds himself envied by difficulties that would appall a younger and stronger man. Shall he keep his promise of last year to extend the liberties of his people? Shall he go to war with Prussia? How shall he sustain the Pope and not quarrel with Italy? How can he quiet the clamors of the poor of Paris and Lyons for cheaper bread? What can be done for the unlucky Mexican bondholders? and so on, till one must think the poor emperor would gladly wish his fortune had been humbler, and that, like the Prince of Monaco, there could be the rank and luxury of a monarch without its labors and dangers.

This miniature Principality dates from the tenth century, and was conferred upon a noble family of Genoa named Grimaldi, by Emperor Otto. After various fortunes it was annexed to France by the Republic of 1793, but was restored to its princes on the downfall of Napoleon in 1815, when, as before, it came under the protection of the King of Sardinia. The cession of territory by Sardinia to France, in compensation for aid rendered in the Austro-Italian war of 1859, necessitated curtailments in the already petty territory; and what by the seceding of Mentone, and sales of some barren mountains to France, the present Prince of Monaco cannot even say

"I'm monarch of all I survey."

Perched upon the summit of a flat rock of seven hundred feet length and four hundred feet in width, is the palace, on the northern side, and the humble but pretty old stone houses on the other. Up a steep, well-paved road, through massive gates that bear the date of 1533, one wearily climbs, in preference to a longer walk which leads by easy ascent from the bay to the further end of the town. Why and how the people live up there is a question I often asked myself and others without answer. There are no signs of manufacturing, few fish in the sea, and but scanty olive and citron trees on the sterile and rocky mountain side; yet they are cheerful, well-dressed, well fed; indeed a beggar is unknown in the town, and only a few aged in the hospital. A veritable type of the lazy Italian, in vain one seeks by the accustomed means to persuade a Monacan to even the smallest labor. Enter a cabaret and shout out that you will give a lire to any one who will help you with your baggage, and not a man of the dozen domino-players and spectators raises their heads, and if you rouse any of those sleeping, with heads resting on the tables, the invariable response will be, "Have no time." Surely the poet had this little Monaco in view when he said,

"Man wants but little here below,"

for, making due allowance for the unusual merriment and pleasures of a *fête*, there were not wanting many evidences of comfort and contentment in the closely packed houses, or in the narrow streets just wide enough for two or three to walk abreast. The little church in the centre of the town is richly decorated, and contains several objects of interest.

Anticipating the abolition of their public gambling-houses at Baden and Homburg, the same French company some years since procured from the plant and needy Prince of Monaco a license for the establishment of a Casino on a few acres of his barren farm, where, as if by magic, they have erected splendid white stone buildings, created gardens into which tropical plants and trees are transplanted; broad promenades and gracefully winding stairways running down to the edge of the sea, all set off with white stone railings and statues—a wondrous work of beauty, and a testimony of the almost omnipotence of wealth and labor. Events have justified the foresight of the king gamblers, for Prussia has already declared that the year 1870 shall be the last that sees her possessions dishonored by legalized public gambling, and the Duke of Baden has done likewise; so we may well imagine how popular will be in a few years these Mediterranean shores with those who now are so eloquent in praise of the health-giving waters and air of Homburg and Baden! The interior of the Casino, in a miniature way, is as beautiful as those famous palaces in Germany. The liveried servants are quite as attentive, the music as perfect and the balls as gay, and in lieu of the parks and drives of Germany, in front and below lies the Bay of Monaco, the blue Mediterranean. On that calm fourth of November

fête night, the moon shining full from a cloudless sky, a thousand varied colored lamps hanging in the gardens about the temple of folly, the bursting of rockets in air, the music and throng of merry visitors, realized a picture only seen in the imagination of the poet artist when he dreams of the beautiful.

The games played are Roulette and *Trente-et-Quarante*, and I fancy that at Monaco fortune is even less favorable to the player than at Homburg and Baden, where it is almost true that everybody loses if he plays more than once; for it is a fact well-known that one entirely ignorant of a game at hazard is pretty sure to win the first time he ventures it, and much he vainly wonders in later attempts why with knowledge and caution the good luck can never more be repeated. Seated in the shadow of a palm-tree I chanced to overhear a veteran player, who with two young companions came from the Casino near to me, soliloquizing in this wise: "And man is called a reasoning animal. This is his proud attribute above other created things, and one more quality is exclusively his own, 'a gaming animal.' In the ordinary and inferior matters of life he employs and is governed by his knowledge and experience, but at the very sight of cards and a shining heap of gold and silver, forgetting all the familiar advantages of the bank, and disregarding, blind to the fate of the haggard, ruined through steady gaming, he rushes to his ruin even as the silly butterfly to the flaming candle. We know that the annual expense for maintaining the Casino is counted by millions of francs; we know that the proprietors are possessed of enormous fortunes; got every son of it from the players; no man can tell the name of a human being who ever won and carried away with him any considerable sum; and yet men will waste their fortunes, risk their last franc, borrow, beg, and sometimes steal money that they may attempt an impossibility! And whence comes the insanity? why will a man, in other things wise, be such a fool as to gamble at a hazard game, where he knows that the chances are against his winning? There is but one explanation, one solution to the maddest folly a man can commit, and the solution is, if possible, more senseless than the madness, and 'tis this. Every player cherishes secretly the conceit that Providence will permit a miracle in his favor. I confess to it, and I am not a singular person in most things, and so conclude that the conceit is universal." Here he paused, and the three having lit their cigarettes, silently for many minutes contemplated the moonlit sea. What was my surprise to hear one of the younger ones addressing his companions: "I will raise two hundred francs on my watch, and we will divide it, and give them another fight," and without a reproval from the veteran moralizer, the three disappeared in the Casino!

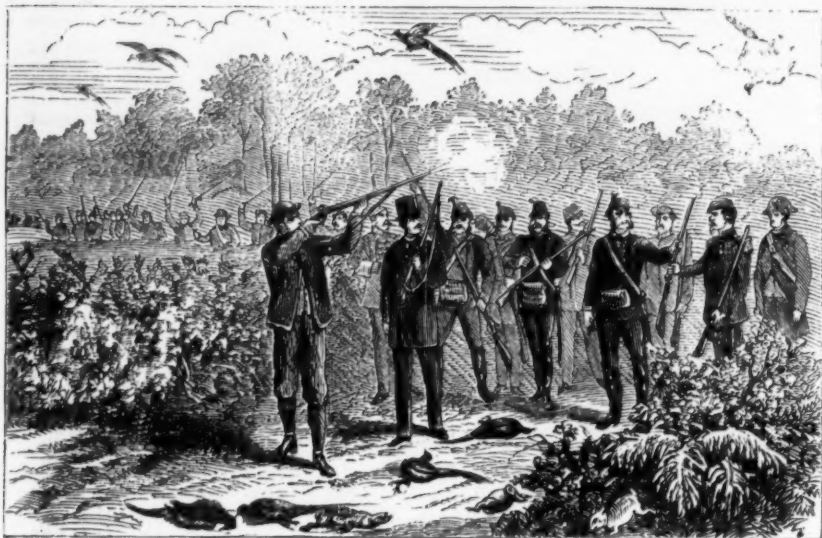
The large majority of visitors at Monaco came from Nice, distant twelve miles. The journey is accomplished in one hour by the steamboat, and in four hours by carriage over the mountain side. The railway following the shore of the Mediterranean will be completed in a few weeks, and it is expected that the company at Monaco will be much increased, for the journey from Paris and Lyons, respectively, passing through Marseilles, Cannes, Toulon and Nîmes, will be but twenty-seven and seventeen hours. This railroad is a marvel of engineering skill and human toil, a very great part of it being by tunnel through the rocky mountains that bluff into the sea. Under French rule Nice is rapidly acquiring the first rank for beauty and luxury, as it has ever been famous for salubrity and mildness of climate. Protected by the mountains from the northern winds, Nice lies nestled about the broad bay, fair and fresh as a bride, while the eternal waves gently murmur and break at her feet. The hotels are many and good, without being extortionate; the fruit is abundant, and from one's window may be seen groves of oranges, lemons, figs, olives and pomegranates. The Prefect gives a semi-monthly ball; the fine military bands play in the little park near the sea; the Monday evening assemblies at "The Club" are always crowded with fashion, and the drives in the environs never fail in variety. Besides the *casinos*, are the ruins of a temple of Jupiter, erected by Julius Cæsar, and a Roman amphitheatre, which with a little repair would be ready for use; the crumbling walls of a tower built by Charlemagne; a very handsome old church still in the hands of the Capucins; the house in which Garibaldi was born, and the garden and villa in which Alphonse Karr lives; and can I better conclude my letter than by commending all to read his charming book, "A Tour Round my Garden"? F. G. Y.

Whipping Blacks and Whites in Delaware.

An exhibition of human cruelty was witnessed by a large crowd of persons of both sexes, at Wilmington, Del., on the 23rd of November last, the particulars of which it is difficult to recount without an involuntary shudder. The occasion was the return of the semi-annual whipping session, in which persons who have been convicted of minor crimes are subjected to the barbarous punishment of the lash. It may well be a cause of surprise that such a shocking custom is still tolerated within the precincts of civilization. The disgusting exercises were inaugurated by four men undergoing the sufferings of the pilory, after which a white man, convicted of robbing a boarding-house, was led to the post to pass through the terrible ordeal. He had been stripped to the waist while in the jail, and a blanket was thrown over his shoulders. On reaching the whipping-post, the blanket was removed, and his wrists pinioned to the post. The sentence of the law was, that he should receive "twenty lashes well laid on his bare back;" but in executing the sentence the sheriff really inflicted nine times the specified number of cuts, as the cat consists of nine long leather thongs. The prisoner's face twitched convulsively during the whipping, and his flesh showed plainly that the sentence had been faithfully executed. The blanket was again thrown about his shoulders, and he was remanded to prison, to make room for another victim. Our illustration represents this scene in the "semi-annual session," and also several parties who appear highly delighted at the revolting spectacle. It is customary to admit all persons whose curiosity takes them to the spot, and in the crowd may be seen respectable-looking farmers, and young clerks and school-children, many of whom look with impatience upon any delay that may occur, or revert to reminiscences of former exhibitions, and recount the efficiency (?) of a particular sheriff in warm terms. Nine others—six colored and three white men—were treated in a similar manner, and though they endeavored to show no signs of pain, the facial contortions, and the shrinking of the body, proved the existence of physical suffering. It is said that the severity of the punishment is greatly mitigated by the humanity of the sheriff. However remiss he may be in performing his lawless duty, the means and publicity of the correction cannot but be regarded as relics of an ill-tempered, barbaric age, and the continuance of the custom as an insult to the progressive spirit of the day.

THE Melton Riding Hat for ladies, celebrated for having received a gold medal of the World's Exposition at Paris, is now being introduced in this city, and on account of its lightness and elegance of finish, will soon become a favorite among our fashionable ladies. The hat is manufactured from the ordinary silk and beaver material, and averages five and a half inches in height. It is ornamented with a blonde lace veil, caught up in the back in a delicate bow, and terminating in broad ends. It may be purchased with either the D'Orsay or Stanley curl, according to individual taste; but the latter style is most becoming.

The Pictorial Spirit of the European Illustrated Press.



THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA SHOOTING IN THE FOREST OF COMPIEGNE.

The Emperor of Austria shooting in the Forest of Compiègne.

The French Emperor, in entertaining his Imperial

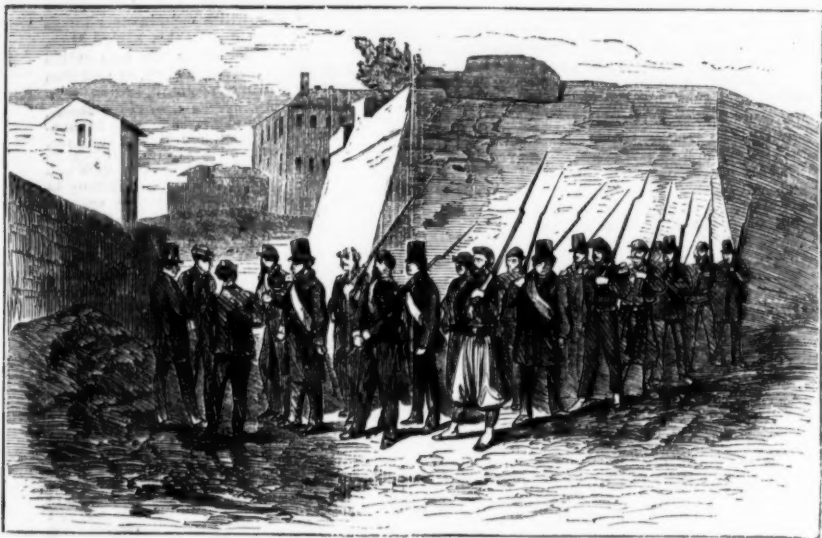
the Archduchess Marie Louise, it was fit that his Imperial Majesty of Austria should pay a visit. The royal pair, accompanied by game-keepers, whiled away some hours in shooting pheasants, etc., and then had a quiet



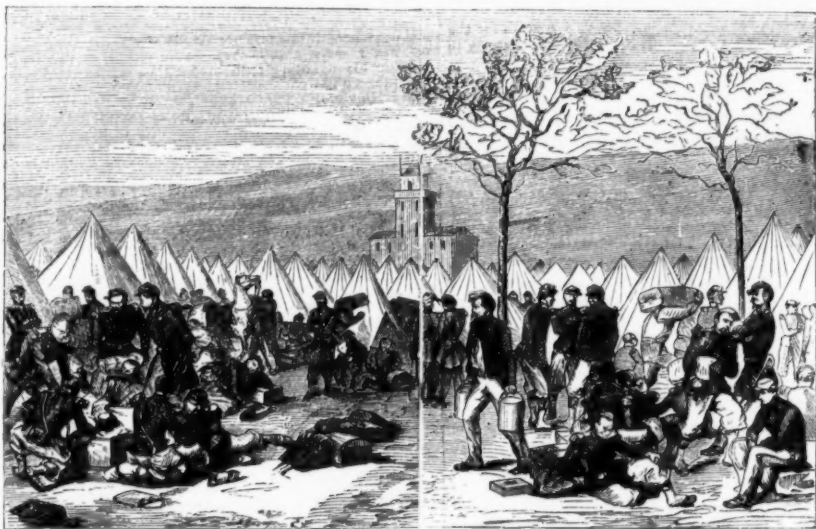
VOLUNTEERS ON THE ROAD TO NARNI TO JOIN GARIBALDI.

meeting, and profess to view it with suspicion. The prologue, Salzburg; the epilogue, Compiègne. We shall only find out by waiting further events, and in the meantime be patient. "All's well that ends well."

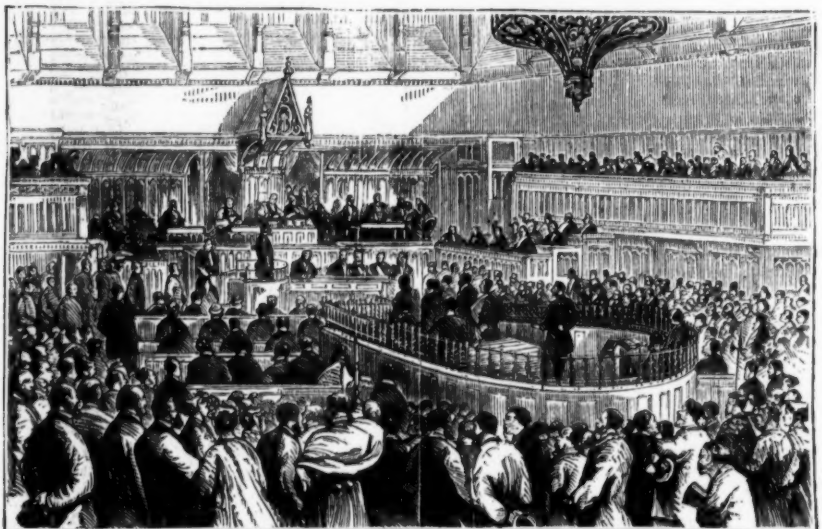
imperial city of Caesar's day, as an appropriate crown to United Italy, while he was fighting his way at Monte Rotundo, the City of Rome was not perfectly tranquil, as may easily be imagined. The mob had assailed the



SOLDIERS AND CITIZENS PATROLLING THE STREETS OF ROME.



ENCAMPMENT AT TOULON OF THE FRENCH TROOPS ORDERED TO ITALY.



TRIAL OF THE FENIANS AT MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

Austrian visitor, accompanied him to Compiègne. To this historic city, where Louis XVI. received Marie Antoinette, the Archduchess of Austria, on her arrival in France, and where Napoleon the Great entertained

conversation together far from the noise and publicity of Paris. While here the French Emperor received a telegram announcing the defeat of Garibaldi. The French journalists have made a good deal of capital out of this



FESTIVAL OF VINE DRESSERS ON THE BANKS OF LAKE COMO, ITALY.

Soldiers and Citizens Patrolling the Streets of Rome.

While Garibaldi was striving to present Rome, the

Capitol and been severely repulsed, so to prevent further disorders, patrols composed of pontifical troops, and citizens whose only uniform was a ribbon of yellow and



THE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE AND KING OF GREECE.



CELEBRATION OF THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE MARRIAGE OF THE GRAND DUKE OF SAXE-WEIMAR.



TRINITY CHURCH AND RECTORY, WASHINGTON STREET, HOBOKEN, N. J.

white, marched through all the principal streets armed with muskets and bayonets.

Volunteers Going to Join Garibaldi.

We here present an illustration showing a motley group in search of Garibaldi and his army. These aspirants for freedom bring their weapons with them, and the uniform worn in the volunteer army is the same worn before they joined that body. The military officer seems willing to afford the information so eagerly sought, and one can easily fancy that the camp is close by, from the presence of the sentinels.

Trial of the Fenians at Manchester, Eng.

The Special Commission of Assize, for the trial of the Fenians, W. O'Meara Allen, Michael Larkin, William Gould, Thomas Maguire and Edward Shore, charged with the murder of Police-Sergeant Brett on the occasion of the rescue of Colonel Kelly and Deasey from the police-van at Manchester, last September, was opened in the room shown in our cut, on the 26th of October. Allen, Larkin and Gould were duly hanged, as the telegraphic reports have already informed us, different punishment being awarded to the others. We give this illustration to show the appearance of an English court, as its interior arrangement differs from that usually seen in America.

The Grand Duke Constantine and the King of Greece.

This illustration represents the King of Greece riding with his father-in-law, the Grand Duke Constantine. King Georgios I. of Greece was married on the 27th of October to the Grand Duchess Olga Constantinovna, a niece of the present Czar of Russia. The wedding took place at eight o'clock in the evening, at the Winter Palace of the Czar, in St. Petersburg. The king is only twenty-two years of age, and his bride is seventeen. The newspaper accounts represent the wedding festivities to have been carried on regardless of expense. King Georgios is not very popular with his subjects, but his crown and salary (about \$170,000 gold) are guaranteed him by the powers of protecting Greece, namely, France, Russia and England.

Encampment at Toulon of the French Troops Ordered to Italy.

Toulon, in France, is a great depot for army supplies of all descriptions, most of the French expeditions fitting out at this harbor. At the first rising of the war-cloud over Italy, preparations were begun here for the expedition which landed French troops at Civita Vecchia, and an increase of the standing garrison was ordered. Our illustration shows the camp of French troops as it appeared when they were preparing to embark, with the attendant hurry and bustle always attendant on the disposal of the accumulations of camp-life, on being ordered to march.

Festival of Vine-Dressers, Lake Como, Italy.

Each year brings us our Thanksgiving Day here in America, in England the festival of the Harvest Home, and in vine-growing countries, such as France and Italy, the festival of those employed in the vineyards. How appropriate to this occasion would be the chorus in the oratorio of the "Seasons," "All Hail to the Wine!" It is then that all the reaction from the long struggle of man against nature, of getting the crop gathered without damage from the weather, bursts forth in singing and dancing. In Italy the first ripe grape is consecrated to the Virgin, whose image is very often found in the vineyards. The gathering of the grapes is always accompanied by a religious ceremony, and in every village where grapes are grown the parish priests offer diurnal prayers for the success of the vintage. When the harvest is over, the vine-dressers form processions similar to the one here pictured.

Celebration of the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Wedding of the Grand Duke of Saxe Weimar.

The custom of celebrating "golden" and "silver"

weddings, with the minor and more frequent "wooden," "tin," and "glass" weddings, has emigrated to this country from Germany. On the 8th of October, the Grand Duke of Saxe Weimar celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his wedding, or "silver" wedding, as we should call it here, with great pomp, having a long procession, banquet, and jolly time generally among his subjects. The City of Weimar, the capital of the duchy, where the ducal palace is situated, was brilliantly illuminated on the occasion, and the citizens very generally turned out to do honor to the occasion and their sovereign.

TRINITY CHURCH, HOBOKEN, N. J.

WHATEVER may be the triumphs of modern times in railroads, steamships, and electric telegraphs, it is certain that we have made no progress in architecture, more especially ecclesiastical architecture. The

grand old cathedrals, hallowed by the storms of a thousand years, and which stand so proudly that they promise to last for centuries longer, remain monuments of a solemn grandeur no modern buildings can realize. Even in the humbler village churches, so quaint and yet so picturesque, we see models which modern architects can only imitate, and not excel. To the religious man, as well as to the lover of nature, there are few prettier sights than a village church, with its taper spire pointing suggestively to heaven. Among those in the vicinity of New York, Trinity Church, Hoboken, is a very excellent specimen of that rustic style which harmonizes so well with fields and trees.

The corner-stone of Trinity Church was laid in the early part of 1856 by the late Bishop Doane, and was opened for divine service in the course of the same year. Soon after a chapel was added to it, by Mr. Wm. F. Wright, senior warden, as a memorial of his only daughter, Grace, and he therefore named it "Grace

Chapel," generously presenting it to the Parish for the religious training of the young. The chapel, as well as the church, is built of blue granite.

Mr. Wright also presented to the church two splendid specimens of old oak carving, a pulpit and reading-desk, purchased from a very ancient church in Cannon street, London, when pulled down for improvements, also the Creed, Lord's Prayer and Ten Commandments, painted in the very old church character on copper.

In March, 1860, a very excellent and fine toned organ was erected, which is a great credit to the maker, Mr. Johnson, of Westfield, Mass.

This church and chapel are mostly covered with English ivy and the Virginia creeper which reaches over the very top of the gable.

Adjoining the church is a fine building which owes its origin to the ladies of the congregation. It is thirty-two feet wide by seventy deep. The ground floor is thrown into one spacious room, which is well fitted up as a Sunday-school. The upper part of the building is the residence of the rector, two sides of which overlook the park grounds of Edwin Stevens, Esq.

The congregation of this church was first ministered to by the Rev. Dr. N. W. Camp, a minister universally esteemed for his learning, piety and usefulness, who resigned before the church was completed, and since the church was opened there have been several changes in the rectorship. The Rev. Mr. Sayre Harris resigned in 1865; he was succeeded by the Rev. Fred. Fitzgerald, who died on the 31st of August, 1866. The present rector is the Rev. B. W. Howes, Jr., who commenced his ministry on Advent Sunday. Notwithstanding the short time he has held the position, he has greatly endeared himself to his flock by his Christian spirit and urbanity. He is one of those clergymen who combine admirable common sense with the most practical piety, and under his spiritual guidance the congregation cannot fail to increase in numbers and godliness. There is a monument in the church to Mr. James F. Mellies, junior warden and superintendent of the Sunday-school, a man who is affectionately remembered for his untiring benevolence to the more youthful of its members. The creed is Episcopalian. We are happy to add that the absurd, unorthodox and modern custom of discontinuing divine service during the summer season is not followed in this pretty little church. The prosperity and comfort of the congregation are much owing to the exertions of the Vestry, who are among the most respectable citizens of Hoboken.

General Santos Acosta, Acting President of Columbia.

We present this week a very spirited portrait of General Santos Acosta, the Acting President of the United States of Columbia. General Acosta has gained some celebrity in the wretched South American wars as a brave man, and has also the higher and better reputation of being an educated and affable gentleman. He is about forty-four years of age, and holds his present position in virtue of the action of the Congress of the Republic, which deposed General Mosquera for acts upon which it does not become us to pronounce judgment.

THE DAUGHTERS OF SHAM.—Extravagant dress and want of method are two radical weaknesses women must extirpate if they ever hope to rise from their present secondary position. Their dress is the outward and visible sign of it—the livery of their lower condition. Everything about it is absurd, from the spurious hair pinned to the back of their heads, down to the train that sweeps the muddy pavement. A bonnet is an epitome of tag-ends. A woman thus adorned is like the funny little crab, who adorns its head and shoulders with bits of sea-weed, or any other stuff within its reach, and paddles about its tank self-satisfied and ridiculous. Women must and will "trim," as spiders spin webs, and bees make honey-combs. They even trim their bathing-dresses; though one would think that nothing could be deemed such attire from ugliness.



GEN. SANTOS ACOSTA, PRESIDENT OF COLUMBIA.

Bas. Everything about a woman's dress is uncomfortable. Everything is pinned on and false. There is nothing real but the trouble and the expense. Women who love of appearances exceed the incomes must work hard with their needles. They are compounds of plain sewt g and make-b lieve—daughters of Adam and Eve. Could a stranger, ignorant of modern customs, suppose it could be possible that beings capable of reasoning would habitually go out to a party of a winter evening less clad by half than during the day? Where is the propriety or good taste of the person being so exposed? As soon as Eve ate of the apple she knew this was naked; if her dancing daughters could take a bite of just such another, their eyes, too, might be opened to their uncovered condition. But if this style of dress be offensive in young girls, what shall be said to those who have reached the fœcile latitudes beyond fifty, and who persist in appearing in the airy costume of the tropics? They appear to think they can conceal their age by exposing their persons.

THE SPIRIT'S WHISPER.

Out at the edge of the rippling tide,
Washed by the storm from his fathomless bed,
Rudely out down in his young life's pride,
Somebody's darling lay stark and dead,
Stretched on the sand, with hair of gold
Matted and damp on his cold, pale brow;
Oh! that the sad, sad tale be told,
Somebody waits for her darling now.

Smooth back his sunny, curling hair;
Think of his mournful fate with a sigh;
Drop on his coffin a silent tear;
His dirge be the scream of the sea-bird's cry.
Night winds, moan out your requiems here,
Over his spiritless, moldering clay;
Spirit, go whisper in somebody's ear,
"Jesus, the Saviour, has called me away."

Somebody sat at the window that night,
Weary and wan with weeping alone,
And watched the glittering harbor-light,
And heard the sad song of the bar's wild moan;
But above its moaning at dawn of day
A sweet voice whispers in accents of love,
"Jesus, my Saviour, has called me away:
Fly with me, dearest, to realms above!"

Lower and lower that fair head bowed,
Further and further 'tis bow'd each day,
Till, wrapped in the folds of her snow-white shroud,
Somebody's spirit has passed away—
Passed away to that distant shore,
To the "Haven of Bliss" beyond the sky,
Where spirits, united to part no more,
Dwell in the light of the God Most High.

FIVE POUNDS BRITISH.

CHAPTER I.

THE scene of our story, reader, is laid in Ireland. If we give ear for a moment to two old women who are gossiping by a country roadside, we shall hear of some of our characters.

"And so ye tell me they're all well about your parts, Judy?"

"Yes, they're all purty well, Mrs. McGrath; but did ye hear what happened Thady Dolan?"

"No, Judy; what's wrong wid the boy, now?"

"Oh, there's a great murther wrong wid him! Sure his own brother, Ned, that went to Ameriky three years ago, has sent him a letter full of good!"

"Now, Judy, d'ye tell me that?"

"Faix, I do, Mrs. McGrath; and Father Lavery's been down at Thady's cabin, hard at work this half hour, tryin' to read the letter for him, but I believe it's too scholastic for him, wid all his larnin', so he's sent off for the schoolmaster, to let him try what he can make out of it."

Leaving the women to their talk, we will follow Maguire, the schoolmaster, pass him on the way, and enter Thady Dolan's cabin before him. The good Father Lavery, with his hat on his knees and his staff leaning against the wall where he is sitting, is trying to decipher Ned Dolan's epistle, muttering his vexation at times as certain phrases and odd words completely baffle him. Thady is on his feet in the middle of the room, holding in his hand a draft for five pounds, which Ned has sent him. There is joy within the lad, and it manifests itself by his grinning face, his humorous remarks aimed at the occasion, and his affectionate way of troubling his wife, who, with her apron instead of a bellows, is trying to coax a turf fire into a better display of itself. The schoolmaster enters, and the priest greets him with:

"Welcome, Maguire, thou man of A, B and C! Thrice welcome under these circumstances! Your eyes are younger than mine, and more used to dealing with scrawls; so there is a matter for their consideration. Try them with it, and let us have as free a translation as you can give us."

"A literal translation would be out of the question, I'm afraid," responded Maguire, after he had scanned the letter a moment. "Such an arrangement of written words I never before witnessed; but here goes for as passable English as I can render them into."

And, with a humorous twinkle in his eye, he reads the letter, which we give below, in spelling and expression as near to the original as possible:

"New York November 2, 18—"

"MY DEER THAD—I take my pen in hand to rite too let you kno that I am well hoping those few lines will find you in gud helth as they leave me at present. I send those few lines myself the other jeters I wrote wud bi another man. dear Thad I send you five pounds british, an another five pounds and you an Molly come out heer to this dacent countri, hire a dacent ship, see how I can read an rite the young misthries larned me upon my word Thad I think shed marry me if it want for the quare squint I have in my left eye—thats a joke but never mind. Now come out heer as soon you kan, try hard to arn the rest of the munny if ye only know that I hav to go with no top coat this cold Winter comin so as to send ye this munny you wud try yer eat to mak up the difference kis Molly fur me an take a twin brothers love to yerself, tell Father Lavery I honor his memry an also give my love to Missus McGinnis that keeps the pigs. Tell owd Maguire that I rememher all the batins iver he gave me, and that I wont forget him if iver he comes out heer. Give my love to little Mary Casey, an tell that if I hadnt

left Ireland, an if she hadnt had red hair we might hav bin marrid long ago.

"So no more at present from your own brother,
"NED DOLAN.
"P. S. Thad cudnt ye arn the other five pounds by borryin it?"

"That last suggestion is very much to the point," remarks Father Lavery, laughing; "but the reference to yourself, Maguire, is rather ambiguous, eh?"

"True enough, your reverence—Yes, the whole letter is like Ned himself. He was a careless dog, but as good a soul as ever existed."

"Troth, it's him that was the good soul," interposes Thady. "An' wasn't it daycent of him to find the five pounds an' go widout the top-coat for our sakes? Oh, if I only had another twin brother like him!"

"Which you could not very easily have," responds the priest, laughing. "The path lies plainly before you, Thady. Ned has met with success in America; and seeing prosperity for you and your wife there, too, he sends money enough to pay the passage of one, trusting you will double the amount by proper exertions. You must, therefore, use your utmost efforts to increase what you have to the amount required; and after having done so, you can take passage to a better land than this, where the poorest man can raise his head above water."

"Ah, it's meself would like to go there, father; for I've nothin' to keep me here barrin' that jewel of me heart, Molly, an' she'll go where I go. It's been bitter hard for me to keep the dog from the door the last two years, an' I see nothin' better before me; but how could I make five pounds, or even the half of it? The thrille of rint that's upon us and the few scanty bites we ate is all I've made by me labor this many a day."

"Well, we must think of some plan for you, Thady; meanwhile, let your own wits be busy; an' there's Molly, sure she can contrive—"

"Ah, it's she that is the contriver, your reverence. Sure she turned me coat twice for me, an' if it only had the third side it would soon get an airin' too, I'll go ye bail!"

"A wonderful sample of domestic economy, truly," replies Father Lavery, smiling at Thady's conceit.

"Ah, it's she that is the sample! Molly, you contriver, couldn't we sell the pig?"

"Arrah, is it jokin' ye are, Thady? sure we have no pig but the wan that was stole?"

"And are you sure you have that, Molly?" asks the schoolmaster, laughing heartily at the expression.

"Oh, ye needn't laugh, Mither Maguire; maybe I'm not as simple as ye take me for."

"Prove it," says Maguire, laughing good-humoredly.

"Prove it! I'll do that same, an' before I'm much oulder, ayther. Isn't what belongs to us our own until we sell it or give it away?"

"Most certainly."

"An' wasn't that pig our own intirely?"

"It was, I'm sure."

"An' did we sell it or give it away?"

"I believe not."

"Then, Mither Maguire, I howld that the pig that was stole is ours still!"

"Bravo! Molly, bravo!" exclaims the priest.

"There, Maguire, confess yourself beaten by an Irish syllogism, a bit of native logic, unobscured by the dust of the schools."

Maguire joins heartily in the laugh that is against him; and, after a few moments' further parleying, priest and pedagogue take their departure.

At the time our story opens Thady and Molly Dolan had been married half a year. Previous to her marriage Molly was a servant in one of the well-to-do families in the locality, and left her place against the wishes of many, to associate her fortunes with Thady, giving little thought to the uncertain future before her. Indeed she hardly knew what discomfort was until the pinching poverty of her wedded days made itself felt. Still she never complained; for Thady was a kind husband, who had nothing to keep him from being clever except his empty pocket. The tidy habits that Molly had acquired when at service made themselves observable very soon after her appearance under Thady's roof. There was not much in the cabin to make a show of neatness with, but whatever could be kept free from dirt, or whatever had a proper place for itself, did not miss attention; and the hands that did this had an effect on Thady, too, as his well-patched clothes and general improved appearance testified.

Thady had no occupation in particular—like to many Irish country lads—and therefore eked out but a precarious livelihood. He gave the small farmer who was over him work enough to pay the rent of his dwelling, and half an acre of ground was hired on the same farmer's land when wanted, and earned odd shillings here and there at ditching, plowing, harvesting, threshing, et cetera. His one failing—the bane of his country—was a love of whisky, which too often mastered him, and which was a cause of secret fretting to Molly. She—and she had considerable tact of her own—had extorted a promise from him about a fortnight before the time at which we introduce him to the reader, that he would not taste liquor any more; she trembled for him when he became master of five pounds.

Our couple sat up very late that night after the departure of the two parish worthies. They debated the question of how the money should be doubled very earnestly. Thady, who was the doubting one at first, became the more sanguine party. He put forth several schemes, which were quickly cried down by Molly; and she, the quicker-witted one of the two, had nothing to suggest! Alas! she was afraid that her husband could not be master of himself and so much money at the same time.

"Now, Molly, ye craythur, how would it do for

me to buy pigs wid the money—young pigs I mane—kape them till they're a good size, and thin sell them at a profit?"

"An' how would you feed them, Thady?"

"How would I feed them? why, like any other pigs, of course."

"Where would ye get the money to keep them in feed?"

"Eh? now that bothers me intirely; how did ye think of that, ye contrivin' sample! The saints be about us, but it's well I have you to keep me from megandhern' and goin' iver way but the wan widout a crook in it!"

Molly's objections to every plan of Thady's were received in good part by him; indeed, he was too happy in contemplation of his money to feel provoked at her. He pulled out his draft so often to have a fresh look at it that she was forced to take it away from him and lock it in her chest, telling him that in all likelihood he would forget himself and light his pipe with it in the morning. Then they retired for the night; no conclusion had been arrived at.

Father Lavery was an early visitor in the morning. He had a plan to propose on Thady's account, one that seemed a very feasible one to him; it was this: That Thady should go to Dublin, get a peddler's license, purchase a stock of miscellaneous wares, and peddle them through the country. There was money in the business, and as an aid to Thady the priest would give him a letter of introduction to a friend in town, who would assist him in making his purchases. This scheme was more to Molly's mind than any of Thady's plans, which had too much speculation in them, and which involved attendance at fairs and markets—notorious for their bad associations. Thady took a strong liking to the priest's proposal, and announced himself as ready to put the matter into operation as once, confident that success would attend him. Molly was not so sanguine as her husband. She looked at his inexperience, and she thought of his weakness, and it was only under a strong protest that she at last gave way to his pleadings and Father Lavery's persuasion.

"Trust him, Molly, trust him," said the priest, "and I'll go bail for him he won't come back empty-handed. This is the only chance he has; he must earn the money required, or he won't be doing right by Ned. And if he does not use some exertions to earn it now, ten to one but the five pounds he has will be squandered—and think what a sore heart Ned would have if he should hear such a story. Work for the money he must, Molly, for there is no one about these poor quarters who would make him a present of what he wants."

It was accordingly agreed that Thady should turn roving merchant.

CHAPTER II.

ONE fine morning, a week after the events of our last chapter, Thady stood at his cabin door bidding good-by to his Molly. As Dublin was not very far from his native place, he was about to make the journey on foot; and he had concluded that after he had made his purchases he would return and begin his peddling among his own neighbors. As this separation was to be only for a day or two, neither Thady nor Molly had great cause for a display of emotion. Nor did Thady exhibit any—he was as cheerful as ever he had been in his life; but Molly cried a little at first, and although her husband dried her tears and strove to raise her spirits, a cloud remained on her face.

"Ye needn't be frettin' for me, my darlin'. Sure I'll be back to ye again imadjetly; an' if it's the thought of the whisky that's botherin' ye, make yer mind aisy on that; for not a drop will I taste while I'm away, by these five fingers I'm holdin' up before ye!"

For the sake of good luck, Molly threw her shoe after him as he left the door. He hurried off with a stout staff for company, as fully resolved in his own mind to earn money and let whisky alone as any consistent man that ever made a resolution.

Who has not heard of the Curragh of Kildare? that place so famous for its military reviews, and more famous still for the horse-races that have taken place over its noble course. When Thady left the by-road that led from his place, and began his tramp upon the highway, he was surprised to find the latter well covered by a great concourse of vehicles of all descriptions. They were all going the same way, and that puzzled Thady until he remembered that the great fall meeting was to come off at the Curragh race-course that day.

"Tare an' ages!" exclaimed our hero, "why did I make up me mind to go to Dublin to-day? I'll miss all the fun at the coorse, an' that 'ill be a big miss for me, who has never been away from a race at the Curragh these twenty years. Never mind, the coorse is on me way, an' I'll drop in to take a look at the horses anyhow."

Thady had had his draft cashed by a shopkeeper of his town, who kept an account in Dublin—so he entered the race-course with five gold pieces in his pocket, each one worth twenty shillings. As it was early in the day, and as he was well acquainted with some of the horse-trainers, he had no trouble in getting admission to the stables where the animals that were to run were kept for the time. The sight of these beautiful thoroughbreds only fired his blood, and when one of them was taken out by his groom, and put to a gallop to show his condition to his owner, Thady yielded to his heart's longing, put his visit to Dublin off for a day, and, what was more, determined to stake half his money at least upon the grand race of the afternoon!

"And why shouldn't I invest me money that way?" he said; "sure I'm only takin' a risk, and wouldn't I be takin' a risk if I went to Dublin? Troth, I might be robbed there intirely; and sure I may as well loose me money one way as another! Arrah, good-morrow t'ye, cousin Barney!"

"Good-morrow to yerself, Thady—is it for Dublin ye are? or will ye stay for the races?"

"Troth, then, Barney, I think I may as well thry to earn an honest penny here as anywhere."

"Faix, you're right there, Thady; I wudn't make an owd base of a peddler of meself so long as I could double me money here in ten minutes, or less. Now, Thady, let me tell how ye'll make a fortune on this very spot. There'll be five horses in the grand race to-day for the Kildare Cup. That bay mare ye saw go by a minute ago is Gipsy, and she's the favorite; now—mind what I'm tellin' ye—Gipsy is bound to win! I had that from me own brother, and he's her trainer. So now ye know where to lay yer money—a wink is as good for you as a nod, any day."

"Faith, Barney, I don't care a snap for any trainer's story—not that I mane bad to yer brother at all—but at any rate I have made up me mind how to put my money. I heard at the stables that Waterford will be here, and I just said to myself that whatever horse he backed in the grand race would be the one for my money."

"Well, do as you like, Thady, and good luck to ye any way."

When the racing began Thady mingled with the small fry, who gathered about the gates leading to the grand stand. The persons composing this gathering were small publicans, petty shopkeepers, farmers' sons, and others, who risked small bets, and considered the crown entrance-fee to the stand as money thrown away. With these Thady felt perfectly at ease. He had been in such crowds on other rainy days, and had wagered odd half-crowns and shillings on the running—now he was to stake pounds where he had before ventured shillings.

The minor races were over, and then was to come the great struggle for the Kildare Cup. For this race five splendid horses were ready to try the turf; they were, Faugh-a-ballagh, Barbarian, Shamrock, Blue Bonnet, and Gipsy. The latter—a beautiful bay mare—was the favorite. She had done good running on several occasions, and had many backers. Barbarian belonged to a Mr. Bradshaw, and was from the Maze, in the North of Ireland. He was not well-known, but a rumor spread over the course that he had been put to a most severe test in the morning, and had done wonders. This was a point in his favor, and what gained him more friends was the fact that Denny Winn, the best jockey that ever rode on the Curragh, was to ride him. The three remaining horses were crack steeds, and each had a prestige.

The bell sounds, and the five horses come out for the usual short canter before starting in the race. Thady becomes very nervous now, and is raised to a full flutter of excitement when word comes to his party that the Marquis of Waterford has laid one hundred guineas on Barbarian. Thady's time has come, and his wager is:

"Two pounds on Barbarian against the field!"

"I'll take you," says a voice near him, and in a moment even money is placed in the hands of a stakeholder.

The horses are now in line for the start—the flag drops—they are off! Faugh-a-ballagh is away with the lead; Gipsy is close upon him, and Barbarian brings up the rear.

Thady wishes he had not made the wager.

The animals disappear now, as they round the turn, from the sight of our party at the gates; but those who are on the grand stand have the whole course in view, and with their glasses can distinguish the colors of the riders. From these reports come down every few seconds to the gate party. Thady's friend Barney hears, and immediately reports that:

"Faugh-a-ballagh has fallen back; Gipsy has the whole field behind her; Shamrock is third; and Barbarian is fourth."

Something thumps under Thady's waistcoat.

But a few seconds elapse until a second report says:

"Gipsy is still first—Barbarian has passed Shamrock, and is fast drawing upon his leader."

There is an easier feeling under Thady's waistcoat.

The excitement becomes intense now all over the course, and the eyes of Thady's party are anxiously looking for the first sight of the horses as they make the last turn, and strike the home-stretch.

"Here they are! here they are!" and wild shouts burst from a thousand throats as the jockeys' caps, bobbing up and down behind the rise of the hill, announce the approach. "Gipsy's first!" Yes, the gallant mare is still at the front; but Denny Winn has been doing well, for Barbarian has the second place, and is pushing hard for the mare.

Thady lays his remaining three pounds on the Barb.

On they come thundering over the turf, and a great cheer goes up for Denny as he places the horse by the side of the mare, and the neck-and-struggle begins. Gipsy's rider is using whip and spur; Denny has his horse well in hand, and is riding with the best seat in the field. His spurs are quiet still, and so is his whip, but he will put them to service presently—he has great confidence in his horse, and he knows that Gipsy is doing her utmost. Seventy-fifty—forty yards from the goal, and still together. Such whipping and spurring! Gipsy is stretching her beautiful neck as if she knows that an inch is as good as a mile; but the long strides of the horse have told their story—the bonny mare falls back, and Barbarian comes in the winner!

Thady is master of ten pounds, and is a happy man.

Success is a great elevator of spirits. Thady's rose to an indescribable pitch when he found his great desire accomplished. What Molly would think of the means he had used to accomplish his purpose never struck him; and when with an arm around the neck of his friend Barney he entered a public-house, and called for a round of punch, he forgot what he had said concerning whisky,

when he held up the five fingers of his right hand to Molly in the morning. And one round was not enough; another, and another, and another followed—and then the two friends reached that mellow state which so well bears out the saying: "There's truth in wine."

Steadfast friends they have been for years, but now they must protest their friendship for each other over and over again—they shake hands twenty times at least, and laugh and cry by turns, as their feelings move them. Barney takes a new silk handkerchief from his neck, and ties it around Thady's as well as his uncertain hands can do it; and Thady—in an accountable excess of kindness—lends Barney five pounds toward the purchase of a cow. Barney essays again to shake hands, but misses the hand of Thady, and falls to the floor. Thady stoops to assist him to his seat, loses his balance, falls over the body of his prostrate friend, and is soon in a drunken slumber.

The sleep of drunkenness is heavy. The placing of Thady and Barney in the cart of a farmer, who was going by the way of their homes, did not awaken either of them. One individual who helped to put Thady in the cart, was very particular in arranging our hero's waistcoat, and in buttoning his coat.

The glare of the sun of noon was in Thady's cabin when he awoke the next day. It took him a moment to collect his senses, in which task he was well aided by a peculiar thirst in his mouth and a racking pain in his head. What also served to suggest the events of the day previous was the fact that his clothes were on him. He soon realized that he had been on a drunken spree, and a sense of shame crept over him—a sense of guiltiness; and burying his head in the bed-clothes, he began to indulge in regrets and self-accusations. What noise was that that sent a pang to his heart, and made him tremble like a coward? It was only a small matter—it was only the sad moan of a woman. There was a sound of half-stifled sobbing, too, and Thady knew whose heart was almost breaking. He raised himself on his elbow, and looking across the room, he saw Molly, with her head bent upon her knees, and her body swinging to and fro, as she gave vent to the grief that was upon her. Thady had seen her in such situations before—screaming with no new thing to him—but never before had he felt so much self-reproach. There was one thought, however, that consoled him—had he not doubled his five pounds at the races? and was he not master of the amount required to bring him to Ned and good fortune in America? This was the silver and golden lining to his cloud.

Rising from the bed, he half-walked, half-staggered to where Molly was sitting, and placing an arm about her, he drew her close to him, and tried the barley he knew so well how to use.

"Ah, my darlin', my jewel! why are ye goin' an this way at all? What has wint wrong wid ye, my craythur? Shure ye're breakin' me heart wid yer sighin' and groanin'. What's wrong wid ye at all, at all?"

"What's wrong wid me, is it, Thady?" said she, turning her tearful face toward him. "Ah, it's you that may well ask that—it's you that may well ask that. Oh, why did I live to see this day? why didn't I die before this disgrace came upon me and mine?"

And the poor woman broke into sobbing again, in a way that appealed very strongly to Thady's feelings.

"Arrah, Molly, acushla, don't fret yourself like this. Shure I know I was drunk, and I'm sorry for it; but I've good news for you, my darlin'. Look up, Molly! Look up, woman! Shure the five pounds are doubled, and we can start for Ned to-morrow if we like! Won't that dry yer eyes, my beauty?"

"Ye have doubled the five pounds, have ye, Thady? Well, an' if ye have, where's the money?"

"Where's the money, is it? Why, it's in me pocket, of course—where else would it be? Eh?—it's not in me vest pockets; it must be in me—in me—oh? why, it's not in me trousers' pockets, ayther! Ha! ha! what frightens me? Eh? Ah, it's in me coat, of course; let me go to the bed there till I get it."

"Sit where ye are, Thady; yer money's not there at all—you haven't got it at all. It was stole!"

"Stole, Molly! Stole? Oh, no! no! no! Shure ye're jokin', eh? Ha! ha! ha! Why, ye frightened me, woman!"

"And so will ye may be frightened, Thady, for not one penny was on ye when he came into this house last night—barrin' four half-crowns and a shilling. I searched through all yer pockets."

"Ye searched me pockets and found me goold pieces gone! Oh, Molly, shure ye are jokin'! Say ye are jokin'—say ye are jokin'!"

And the half-crazy man began a frantic search through his clothing.

"Ah, ye needn't look, Thady; yer money's gone where ye'll never see it more. Oh, Thady! Thady! it made me heart sore when them that saw ye at the races came and towid me; and when ye were brought home to me drunk I thought me poor heart would break. I knew yer money was gone—I knew it before I searched ye. Ye were where ye shouldn't have been, Thady; ye wanted to make yer money too fast, and ye forgot the honest errand ye started upon. And what will Ned say? Ned, the good brother, that will have to go wid-out—"

"There, Molly! Ah, don't! don't!"

This last thrust went home to Thady's heart; and as the keen sense of the ingratitude he had shown in return for his brother's kindness came over him, he threw himself upon his bed, and burying his face, gave way to the tears that emotion was forcing upon him. It was while affairs were in this state that a person whistling a tune was heard approaching the cabin. The door opened, and Thady's friend, Barney, entered, talking to himself:

"It's a fine boy I am entirely: drunk as a lord all night, and sober as a judge in the mornin'. Eh? what's this at all? It can't be a funeral, for there's no coffin; there's tears enough for a wake, anyway! What's wrong, Thady, boy?"

"Arrah, Barney, is that you?"

"Of course it's me—who else?"

"This is a sore day to me, Barney. I have hardly a penny to me name, and yestherday I left here wid five pounds in me pocket—five pounds that I doubled at the races, as you know. It was all took from me—stole whin I was drunk. Ah, Barney, why did we go to the public-house at all?"

"Bekase we waxed our puneh—why else? Now, Thady Dolan, if ye think yer whole ten pounds was stole from ye, ye are far from the mark. Don't ye remember lendin' me five pounds toward buyin' a cow?"

"Lendin' ye five pounds, Barney? No—I—I—oh? yes I do—I do! Oh, have ye got it, Barney? Have ye—"

"Be aisy, boy; don't be rowlin' yer eyes like an uneducated maniac. Of course I have it; what else would bring me here to this graveyard? Yes, Thady, I have it. And you know that if I had been sober I wouldn't have axed ye to lend me it; but I was drunk enough to do ye a good turn, for the thief that picked yer pocket forgot to pick mine—good luck to his bad memory! There ye are, Thady, five good yellow boys that could look the sun in the face widout blinkin'. There, man, don't squeeze me hand so hard! Don't be thankin' me at all, Molly; I've only been doin' me duty,—what else? Well, good day to ye both! I'm an honest man, if me name is Barney."

And the rollicking youth departed, whistling "Garryowen."

When Thady invested his five pounds again it was in legitimate trade. He followed out his original plan, and purchased peddler's wares; and when he was ready to start on his first tramp Molly had secured a place for herself, and was earning an odd shilling or two to lay by. Thady found it slow work making money at peddling; but by avoiding whisky, and by keeping hard at what he had in hands, he managed to save a sum which, with Molly's earnings, paid the passages of the two to America. And when fortune had done a little for Thady in the new land, Barney was not forgotten. That worthy received a draft for five pounds and a letter, beseeching him to take passage for America; and when he had had the letter explained to him, his first exclamation was:

"Of course I'll go to Ameriky—where else?"

FREDA'S FORTUNE.

A Fairy Tale.

LITTLE FREDA lived with her mother, who had been the wife of a charcoal-burner, in the middle of a great forest. It was a tiny little hut, that she and her mother were glad to call home, and yet it was none the less dear to them on that account. For they had lived there for many years when Freda's father was alive, and many memories of him lingered about the place.

Freda's mother was very poor. Her father, the charcoal-burner, had not earned much money, and when he died they had nothing left to live upon except what her mother made by needlework, and what Freda received for running errands into the neighboring town for the farmers who lived near them. Freda herself did not complain very much of their poverty, she did not mind running about with bare feet, and knew nothing of fashionable clothing; but with her mother it was different. She was often heard to bewail her hard fate in being so poor, though she only desired to be able to get bread for herself and Freda, with some meat on feast days; and she had to work very hard to do this, sitting up often far into the night at her sewing. Freda was asleep at such times, and hardly knew how hard her mother worked. Had she known it I think she would have tried some plan by which they might get a little more money, sooner than she did. What her plan was you shall hear presently; but at the time my story begins Freda and her mother were sitting at the door of their cottage one fine morning in autumn, the former sewing, and Freda sitting near her on the threshold, watching the red leaves that floated down in the keen air from the great trees around them.

"You have to work very hard, mother," she said, looking at the nimble fingers that worked so unceasingly.

"I don't mind hard work, Freda," said her mother, "if I can only make enough for us both to live upon. But I do not get such good prices for my work as I used to do, and it makes it very difficult to earn enough to keep us."

"Does it?" said Freda, opening her eyes very wide.

"I wish I could help you more, mother."

"I am sure you would if you could, my child, but you see there is not much work for little girls to do. You will be able to do more for me when you are older."

"Yes," said Freda. "I wish I could grow older quicker, mother."

"You must not wish that, Freda, though I am glad you want to help me." And so saying, her mother went on with her work, as though the talk had interrupted her.

Freda sat and wondered how she could help her mother. It seemed a sad thing that she had to work so hard, when a great many people in the world had nothing to do but to play. But then she remembered that her mother had often told her that work was a blessed and a sacred thing, no matter how trivial the kind of work, if you always did your best, and worked with your whole heart. Freda always tried to do her best, she thought, when she went on her errands, for, after all, it seemed not only the right thing to do, but the easiest. Work that you really give your whole mind to, is always the soonest done.

Freda pondered how she could help her mother all the evening, and as twilight came on she heard tiny voices beside her. Two field mice had strayed into the forest, and were holding a conversation. Freda listened, and heard that they were talking about her.

"How strange it is that Freda doesn't get help for her mother, who has to work so hard," said one. "We could tell her where to go and get it."

"Yes," said the other, "of course we could. Bright silver and gold pieces have been often got there; it is really a pity that Freda doesn't go."

Freda heard these words, but she did not know who was speaking. Presently, however, the mice came out from under some broad leaves, and came close to her.

She then saw who it had been, and cried out, "Oh, my dear mice! I heard you talking; do tell me where to go to get the silver and gold pieces to help my mother with."

And the mice told her, for she had often been kind to them, and given them bread and milk when there was very little food to be got in the forest. They told her a wonderful story—so wonderful, indeed, that she hardly believed at first that it would come true, but you will see that it all did in the end. They told her to go beyond the forest, to the foot of the great mountain that rose just outside it. Then to go a little way up the mountain, to where two brooks divided, and where there was a beautiful plot of green grass, with the trees that hung over the streams to shelter it, and the running water beside it to keep it green all the year round. There, they said, on a moonlight night she would see the fairies dancing, and if she could watch till the morning, when they were just going away, and ask the last fairy that remained for a piece of silver, telling her what it was for, he would give it her.

Freda was delighted to hear this, and that very night, as there was the harvest moon, she determined to go to the mountain, and watch for the fairy gift. Her mother laughed at her, but did not prevent her going, as every-body knew Freda, and no one would harm her.

It was bright moonlight when she set out, and while in the open spaces of the forest the moonbeams shone bright as silver, in the shade of the great trees it was all the more dark from the contrast. As Freda walked along a robin came out of his bed, and said, "Where are you going, little Freda?"

And Freda said, "I am going to the fairies to get some money to help my mother."

Then the robin said, "Here is a red feather from my breast, that the fairies like; take it with you." And Freda thanked him and went on.

Further on a great black spider came out of a hole, and said, "Where are you going, little Freda?"

And Freda said, "I am going to the fairies to get some money to help my mother."

Then the spider said, "Here is some silk that I have spun, that the fairies like; take it with you." And Freda thanked him and went on.

Further on a squirrel came running down a branch to her, and said, "Where are you going, little Freda?" And Freda said, "I am going to the fairies to get some money to help my mother."

Then the squirrel said, "Here is a nutshell that the fairies like; take it with you." And Freda thanked him and went on.

When she got to the end of the wood she was almost frightened, for the great mountain looked so tall and grand, standing proudly up in the moonlight, with its head lost in the clouds. But as she drew nearer she saw the two streams, one on each side of her, shining like rivulets of gold, and she knew she was getting near the fairy ring, and went on boldly.

It was rather hard work climbing the mountain, it was so covered with bracken and bushes of furze, but the moon gave plenty of light, so that Freda could see the big stones and other obstacles in the way, and struggled bravely on. As she drew nearer to where the brook divided she heard the sound of beautiful music, which seemed to keep time with the chiming of the waters. And when she gained the level spot where was the fairy ring, what a wonderful sight it was!

There were the fairies dancing merrily in the moonlight, round and round, in and out, capering first on one side and then on the other, whirling about like teetotums, and then leaping up into the air like Jack-in-the-box, till Freda grew almost dizzy as she looked at them. They were not all dressed alike. Some wore pale green tunics, others dresses of red and blue, and some had robes of fur; hardly two of them were dressed alike, although they seemed very much alike in the faces, and Freda thought that perhaps they dressed differently in order to distinguish each other. On a hillock raised a little above the grass sat a very handsome fairy, with a crown on his head, and a lovely lady beside him, also wearing a crown. These were the king and the queen of the fairies in that part of the country; perhaps, even, they were the king and queen of all the fairies, but Freda did not find out that. As she watched them she wondered which fairy would be the last to leave the ring, and be the one to whom she would have to make her request. She had not long to wait, for as she watched she heard in the distance a cock crowing in some farm-yard, and at the first sound all the fairies began to trip away and disappear.

And at last there was only one left, and just as he was about to hop away Freda ran up to him and said:

"Please, Mr. Fairy, my mother is very poor, and works very hard. Will you give her some money?"

The fairy was a funny old-fashioned looking little fellow in a red jerkin, and he looked at her slyly and said:

"When mortals come to ask such favors of us, they generally bring us some present. What have you brought me for myself?"

Then Freda was glad she had met the robin in the forest, and said:

"Here is a beautiful red feather for your cap."

The fairy thanked her and seemed very pleased. But he said:

"What have you brought me for my wife?"

And Freda remembered the spider's gift, and said:

"See this beautiful silk; it will make your wife a dress."

And the fairy took it and was very much delighted. But he said again:

"What have you brought me for my baby?"

Then Freda took the half nutshell that the squirrel had given her, and said:

"I have brought your baby a cradle."

And the fairy said:

"You have given me beautiful presents, and now I will give you something in return. Here is a broad piece of silver, that will buy all your mother will want for a whole week. I will give you one every week like this, but it must be upon these conditions. First, you must always do the marketing yourself for your mother, that she may not be troubled about it; and secondly, you must always spend some of the money on other people who are as poor as yourselves. You must always do some good with it, or I shall give you no more. You will find a broad silver piece on this stone every Saturday night, but whenever you apply the money to please yourself instead of doing good to others, you will find it there no more."

And then the fairy put the money on the stone and vanished, and Freda went home very much delighted to her mother, who was astonished at all she had seen, and very grateful to the fairy for being so kind to them.

They spent the money on food and clothing, and Freda was very careful to do the marketing for her mother, and always to bestow some of the money upon people in the city who were poorer than themselves. Indeed, the fairy's money made them quite rich, and Freda's mother had not to work nearly so hard at her sewing, nor was Freda obliged to go so many errands

into the town, except when she went to buy provisions and other things.

Regularly every Saturday Freda went to the fairy ring, and took the broad silver piece from the stone on which the fairy had laid the first one. It was, curiously, however, that she never saw the fairy again. There was sometimes a flicker of light on the grass, and Freda used to fancy that on moonlight nights she could hear the elfin music again. But I think that it was only fancy, and that she mistook the rippling of the stream, mingling with the wind in the branches, for the music; for you see she had really heard the music I think she would have been certain to see the fairies, and she never saw them again.

They lived very happily on this money for a long time, Freda doing exactly what the fairy had told her; till one day, when she was marketing in the city, she happened to stop opposite a great shop where there were all kinds of beautiful dresses and brightly-colored ribbons. Freda had often seen the shop before, and admired the finery in it, but to-day they seemed more beautiful than ever, and she saw one rose-colored ribbon in the window that she felt she would give anything to possess.

She stood for a long time, when she ought to have gone away at once, and not stand near the temptation. She knew she had no right to buy it just to gratify herself, for the money in her pocket was fairy money, and was not given her for such a purpose. But the rose-colored ribbon looked so bright and pretty, that at last she went in and bought it. She put it round her neck, and then went home through the wood.

She had got the ribbon, but she was not happy. In the first place there was a poor sick girl in the town to whom she should have taken a little wine, and now that she had spent the money she could not do it. And then she went through the wood she met a rough-looking man, who stopped her and took hold of the ribbon, and asked her if she had stolen it. Little girls who lived in the forest, he said, did not wear such gay ribbons, and could not afford to buy them; she could not have come by it by fair means. And Freda wept bitterly, for she had never been called a thief before; and as she went on the ribbon seemed to be like a lump of lead round her neck, so heavy was it, and so hateful.

When she got home she had to tell her mother all she had done, and her mother was very grieved that she had preferred to please herself, and give way to her pride, instead of doing good to others. And worst of all, when she walked up to the mountain that night, there was no broad silver piece on the stone, nor on any night after that, although she often went to see, thinking that the fairy would have forgiven her.

There was no more fairy money for Freda, and her mother had to work hard at needlework again. But as Freda grew older she grew able to help her mother a great deal, and they were able to do without the fairy's help; while Freda never forgot the lesson it had taught her.

That lesson was to do good to others rather than to please ourselves, and it is a lesson I hope we shall all learn, though we may not be able, like Freda, to learn it from the fairies.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

An old maid is more liberal than a young one. The latter may always be willing to lend you a hand; the former will give you one, and thank you too.

Oh, woman, loveliest of created beings! to thy virtue we give love, to thy beauty admiration, and to thy hoops the whole pavement.

Why is a blush like a little girl? Because it becomes a woman.

"I THINK," said a farmer, "I should make a good Congressman, for I use their language. I received two bills the other day, with requests for immediate payment: the one I ordered to be laid on the table, the other to be read that day six months!"

A QUAKER, once hearing a person tell how much he felt for mother who was suffering and needed assistance, dryly asked him:

"Friend, hast thou felt in thy pocket for him?"

A GENTLEMAN in Georgia recently gave his colored servant funds and permission to visit a traveling circus. Swney started off, and on reaching the grounds the first thing he saw was a very sedate-looking baboon, and eying the quadruped closely, soliloquized thus:

"Folks, sure's your born; f-et, hands, powerful bad lookin' countenance, jist the nigger getting old, I reckon."

Then, as if seized with a bright idea, he extended his hand with "How d'ye do, uncle."

The ape clasped the negro's hand and shook it long and cordially. Swney then plied his new acquaintance with questions, but no answer did he get, except a merry wrinkle of the eye; he concluded the ape was non-committal, and looking cautiously around he chuckled out:

"He, he, too sharp for 'em, ole feller; keep dark; if ye speak one word of English, white man have a hoe in your hand in two minutes."

A CHILD defines gossip: "It's when nobody does no nothing, and somebody goes and tells it."

DURING a medical examination a student was asked the question:

"When does mortification ensue?"

"When you pop the question and are answered no."

WOMAN is composed of 243 bones, 109 muscles, 306 pins, and from 18 to 36 springs. Fearfully and wonderfully made, and to be handled with care to avoid scratches.

WHY is a field of grass like a person older than yourself? Because it is past-ur-age.

The ancients tell us that, during the sojourn in Paradise, heaven sent down twelve baskets of talk; and while Adam was eating three of them, Eve gobbled up the other nine.

"How do you do, old Russell?"

"Come, now," said Major Ben, "I'll not take that from you—not a bit of it; you are as old as I am this minute."

"Upon my word," says Mr. Busby, "you are my senior by at least ten years."

"Not at all, friend Busby; and if you please we will determine this question very soon. Just tell me what is the first thing you can recollect of?"

"Well, the first thing I recollect," said Mr. Busby, "was hearing people saying, 'There goes old Ben Russell!'"

WHY is a fifty-pounder like a rain-shedder? Because it is a number-L-er.

A DISSIPATED young man, who ran away from home, and spent his substance in riotous living, resolved at last to return to the parental roof. His father was kind enough to forgive the young rascal for his wickedness, and rushing into the house, overcame with joy that the boy had returned, cried out to his wife, "Let us kill the prodigal; the cat has returned."

Pacific males—henpecked husbands.

A Priest of Guanajuato Carrying the Viaticum to a Dying Man.

THE Eucharist when administered to the dying is in Catholic countries carried to the house of the departing Christian with a degree of pomp that differs in various countries. In Spanish lands it is of

cross, supported by two candle-bearers, whose lights are enclosed in lanterns, precede the clergyman, two similar candle-bearers follow, between whom is the sacristan, ringing his bell, to give notice to the faithful of the approach of the host, which consequently passes through a kneeling crowd.

The house of Hapsburg owes its rise to an incident connected with the carrying of the Viaticum, which

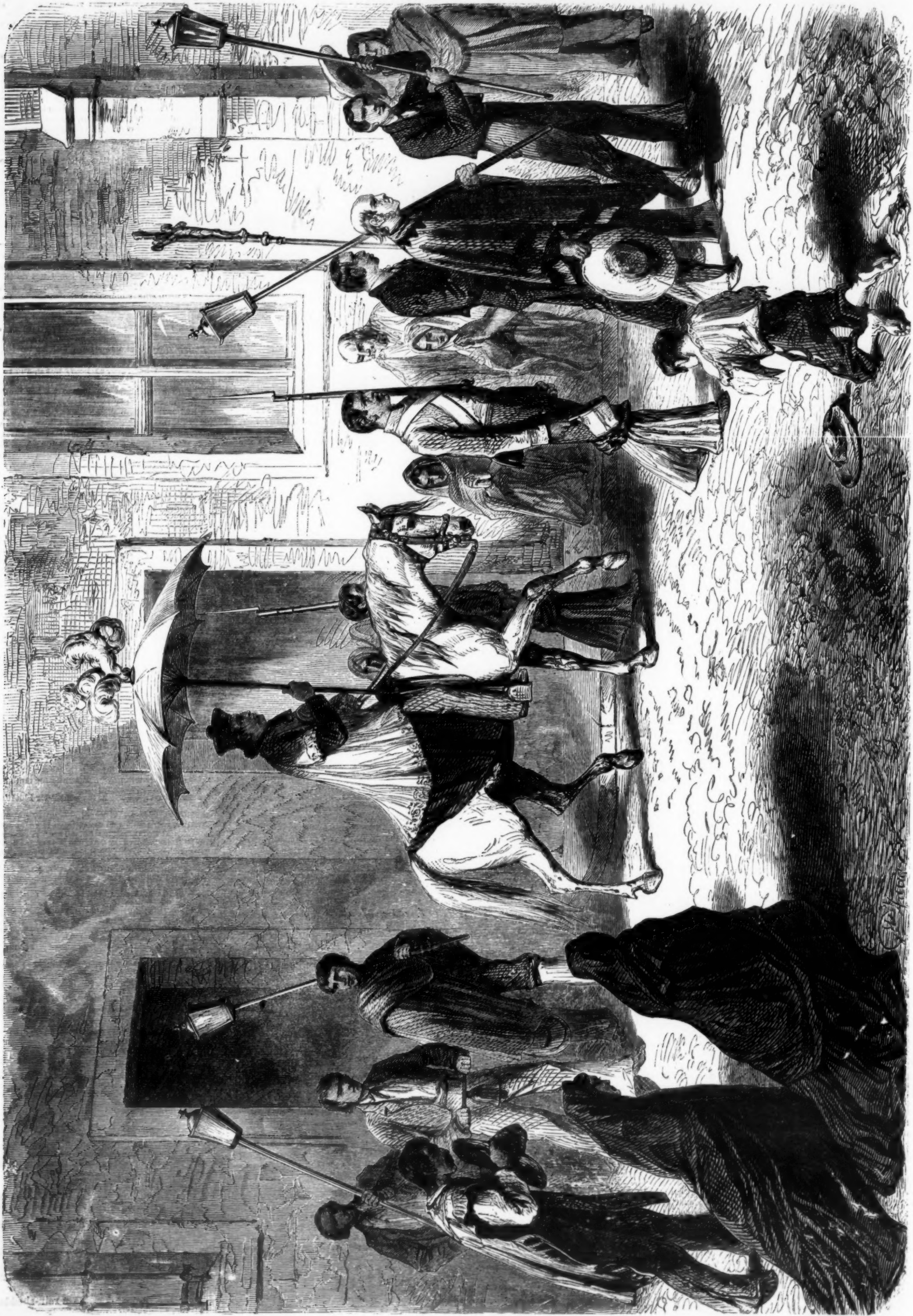
without a word, led the charger that had borne him through many a day of battle to the priest, and motioned him to mount it. The priest complied, and the knight wended his way back on foot to his castle. The next day the horse was brought to his door, but he sent it back, saying that what had borne his Lord should never be used except by the church.

Rudolph found that he steadily rose; friends seemed

thrown off revealed the bishop, who answered: "I am that poor parish priest."

Indians Fishing in the Alleghany River, near Cornplanter, Pennsylvania.

In Western Pennsylvania some tribes of Indians are still existent, though gradually passing away



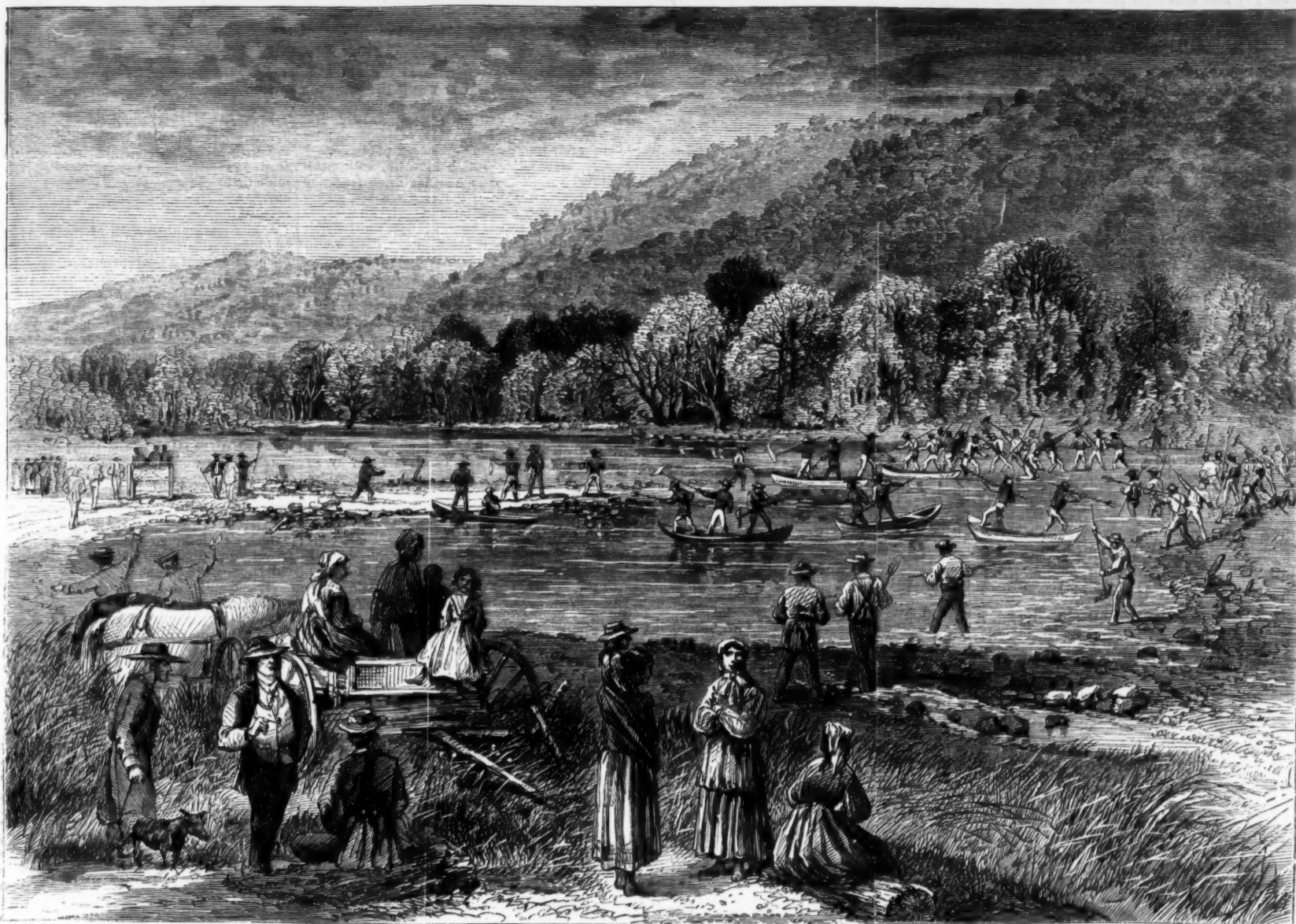
A PRIEST OF GUANAJUATO, MEXICO, CARRYING THE VIATICUM TO A DYING PERSON.

course attended with a great deal of ceremonial. In Mexico, as shown in our illustration, this matter becomes a procession, the priest is mounted on horseback, and carries the consecrated bread on his breast in a large locket, made either of gold or of silver gilt, while over his head he bears a sort of parasol with plumes, the Italian baldachin, which serves as a canopy of honor. The cross-bearer, with the processional

may not be irrelevant. Rudolph of Hapsburg, a knight devout and poor, while riding through a forest after a heavy storm, heard the tinkle of a sacristan's bell, and leaping from his horse, waited its approach to kneel. After it had passed, he saw the priest, a poor country pastor, on foot with one attendant, gird up his cassock to wade a stream swollen by the storm. On these occasions the priest observes strict silence, and the knight,

to aid him. At last when the princes looked for one to raise Germany from anarchy, they chose Rudolph of Hapsburg, urged especially by one bishop who untiringly labored for his exaltation to the throne. At the coronation dinner, an old harper entered and began to sing of an incident such as we have recorded: then told of the knight's rise. The emperor leaped up, exclaiming: "I was that knight—but you?" A disguise

before civilization and fire-water. In the sketch representing their aboriginal method of fishing, a temporary dam is seen on the right hand. Above this is a reach of still water for a half mile or so, where the seine, composed of brush, wattled with hickory bark, is introduced and drawn by men and oxen toward the dam, driving the fish before it. When close to the dam, the grand battue takes place, the Indians spearing the fish and throwing



INDIANS FISHING IN THE ALLEGHANY RIVER, NEAR CORNPLANTER, PA.

them ashore. When all of them are taken the spoil is equally divided, first between the whites and Indians, then individually to each participant in the sport.

French Canadian Wedding Party Among the Peasantry of the Lower Province.

FRENCH Canadian weddings in Lower Can-

ada are of the merriest description; everybody is asked and everybody goes, and often for two or three days or more, fun and foolery become the serious business of all; from the white-headed and tottering great-grand-sires and dames to the prattling infant, all are in honor bound to make as much noise as possible. From morning till night, and from night until morning, the racket never stops. Sleep there is little or none;

the guests when tired stretch themselves anywhere out of the road of the dancers, and crack jokes till their turn comes round again to take the floor.

The dances on these occasions are the fastest and most furious of jigs and reels. The fiddler, or fiddlers, as the case may be, seem to be actuated by the desire to play down the dancers, and as victory wavers on either side, roars of laughter greet the triumphant.

A long table, spread with an abundant supply of eatables, is another important feature on these occasions. Pea-soup prepared regardless of expense is, of course, a standard dish. Croquecinoles, an essentially Canadian kind of doughnut, is another item; and three-cornered tarts, plentifully filled with home-made preserves (pumpkins and maple sugar), and as big as cocked hats, form the point of attack for the juveniles, who are



FRENCH CANADIAN WEDDING PARTY.

told that their great-grandfathers and grandmothers had just such tarts when they were married; and to judge from the lips of the little ones, they highly approve of the taste of their great-grandfathers and grandmothers in this respect.

Country weddings generally take place in the winter-time; and when everybody is stiff with laughter, dancing, and good-cheer, they wrap themselves and their little ones up in their great long old-fashioned high-collared cloaks, get into their carriages, tuck the buffaloes well round them, and leave the happy couple to face the cares of life, with many hearty wishes for their welfare. Thus end the marriage festivals among this simple, virtuous, and contented people.

An exception, however, to this blissful termination, is recorded in one of those time-honored traditions which has descended for generations from mother to daughter. On that occasion the bride showed such inordinate love for the vanities of the world, probably dress, that the devil, disguised as a handsome gentleman, dressed in black, made his appearance, and, sad to relate, danced off with her. A fearful warning to all brides given to the pomps of this wicked world.

THE DRAGON RING.

I.—A MYSTERIOUS BOX.

The night was dark, though the stars were shining; and the wind had a sharp, quick, decisive way that made it far from warm. The bright blue star, Lyra, hung over the cross of a distant spire, and seemed like the soul of some sainted martyr come back to kneel at the emblem of his faith. A dense cloud, like a phantom ship, lay off on the utmost verge, while the glancing lights of the city beneath was the very foam of the charmed waves. No moon pointed its jeweled finger over the waters; only the stars, like Narcissus, in love with their own beauty, gazed themselves in the stream.

The river, now pure no more, from contact with the giddy town, was like a country maiden that had been enticed away from her home by some gay gallant, and then deserted in her disgrace. For the dark waves, that now sluggish and salt crept past the city, once had danced in cool mountain springs, laughed in the sun as they purled over long meadows on beds of shining shingle, listened in haunts of coot and heron and ouzel, and flashed on through the foaming weir of the garrulous mill. Now, they were the receptacle of all that is dark, and foul, and loathsome. To many a tired heart they were the waters of death and rest.

The river gurgled about the piers and waspish vessels. Lights here and there shone out over it from the quay, or the ships at anchor. All was calm, save the wind that tugged like a spirit with a flag which looked black in the distance. This flag was upon a vessel in the harbor, lying some rods from the wharf. The city seemed asleep, for it was past midnight, and the roar of the wheels on the pavements, that had sounded all day, was hushed.

Not all were asleep, however, for a man well muffled was watching three others who were on the end of a pier unfasting the chain of a small boat. The muffled man stood always in the shadow, as if desirous of not being seen. He observed the three very closely, and not a gesture escaped his notice. He could see, also, the ferry-boats crossing from time to time, and the City of Churches opposite; for this was the East River. The three men entered the boat, and pulled out into the stream toward the vessel with the flag that the wind was teasing. He that was spectator came down to the end of the pier. As the boat neared the ship a light of intense crimson was swung three times, and a dark-lantern, that had not been exposed before, was opened and closed twice, in reply.

The detective officer, for such was the man who had been observing the others, began to suspect that all was not right. He knew the ship was a foreign vessel, and Chinaman-like, was all the more doubtful of the honesty of its purposes. It was more chance that threw these men in his way, as he had been tracing the threads of another case; but as he was in no hurry, he resolved to see if anything further would come of the boat and its occupants. He was not obliged to wait long. The red light was displayed at the side of the ship, and a heavy box was lowered, with tackle, into the yawl. The detective could hear the creak of the pulleys.

The small-boat was shoved off, and the dip of the oars sounded nearer and nearer. As the boat touched, he stepped quietly behind a pile of lumber. The three with combined effort succeeded in getting the box upon the dock. It was evidently very heavy, for there were poles running along the side by which two men might carry it. The detective discovered that two of the party were laborers, or sailors, and that the other was a young man somewhat seedily dressed. The box seemed to be his property, for he gave all orders concerning it. The detective came to the conclusion that it contained smuggled articles.

The two laborers took the box by its handles and started up the pier, after they had secured the yawl. The other followed close on the heels of the last carrier, with a drawn revolver.

The detective changed his mind with regard to the smuggled articles, and decided at once to follow this strange procession.

They came up Beekman street, crossed the Park in the rear of the City Hall, then went down Murray street to the Hudson. Here a little yacht seemed in waiting, for a key from the young man's pocket turned the lock of the chain. The box was lowered into the yacht. Then the men who had carried it were paid in gold by him of the revolver. Afterward he sprang into the boat and pushed off. It would appear that he did not understand the use of the sail, for succeeding several ineffectual attempts to make it work properly in the wind, he laid the boom up against the mast and lashed it. There were oars in the bottom of the yacht, and row-locks at the side; he adjusted

these, and pulled slowly, though steadily, up the river.

The two men did not quit the quay, but remained watching him. The detective now stood so near that he could hear their conversation. They were coarse men, with the words "bully" and "rascal" written in every gesture.

"There is gold in that box, Sam."

"Yaas, we oughter have gobbled it."

"Why didn't ye say the word?"

"The pistol was too close."

"He's a strong feller, Sam."

"Yaas, we could fix him though."

"D'ye think we could catch him?"

"Easy enough."

"Will ye try it?"

"Yea."

"Come on thin. Ye git a boat. I'm off to Tom's for the iron. Be here when I git back."

He started away on a run. The detective followed him, but he disappeared into some alley or door before the other could comprehend in what possible way he had escaped. The officer went back to the quay to await his return, and to obtain a boat to give chase with. His interests now were with the weaker party, and he felt confident the ruffians would be no match for the young man and himself. He procured a small-boat, and waited in the shadow of a vessel for his enemies to appear. They came at last, pulling with a will. His boat was lighter in proportion, and he found he could keep in their wake very easily, and overtake them if he wished.

The two men pulled steadily, and not far ahead the detective could hear the sound of the oars of the young man with the box. The wind shifted, and was blowing from the south. The man in the leading skiff must have fancied that these men were following him, for he pulled with the desperation of despair. Great beads of perspiration dropped from his face. His hands, small and white as a woman's, were blistered by the handles of the oars. He evidently had much at stake; it is possible, too, he was alarmed. To be frightened when it is necessary to be cool loses many a victory.

"Boat ahoy!"

"What do you want?"

"Stop yer boat!"

"Go home, you rascal."

"Stop, or we'll shoot yer."

"Shoot away, you vagabonds."

A bullet, winging low like a sparrow, fled over the waters. The pursuers were gaining rapidly on the pursued. The detective pulled aside, out of range of the fire of either party. Shot followed shot in quick succession. It was evident the man with the box was returning the compliments with interest, though plainly with no effect. The ruffians were now almost alongside of his boat, and the detective fancied the time had come for him to appear upon the scene. The young man stood upon the bow of the yacht arranging the sail. One of the pursuers took deliberate aim at him, but the detective fired and broke the villain's arm. The pistol dropped from his grasp. This attack was unexpected and terrifying, and the man who was still unhurt turned the boat about and pulled away from the scene as fast as possible. His confederate sat moaning near the rudder.

The detective drew his skiff to the side of the yacht. He scarcely noticed the sail was adjusted at last. The man with the box put something in his hand, and turned the dark-lantern for a moment full in his face; then the canvas caught the inspiration of the wind, and away the yacht sailed, hampered no more. A bird from a bough could not have darted more rapidly. The detective saw the white sail disappear in the darkness far off toward the Palisades. He was thoroughly baffled. He paused to think, there in the middle of the river, when the first gray streaks of morning touched the east. He was like a worker of intricate lace that had lost the principal thread and cannot proceed. The water was dark beneath, the resolute sky star-browed above, and the intricate wind crisp and cold as satirical words. These were the only things that struck his sense, save the dark forest of buildings and shipping beyond.

He put his boat about and returned. The next morning he went down to the pier with the intention of going aboard the foreign vessel to discover the nature of the box that had been lowered from its deck the night before, but the ship had sailed. Now, for the first time, he thought he would see what the paper was the man had given him. A clue to the mystery might dwell in that. He drew it from his vest pocket, where he had hurriedly thrust it the preceding night. It was a five hundred dollar United States Treasury note!

II.—AT THE OPERA.

CLARA LORRAINE sat idly in the elegant drawing-room of her father's mansion on Madison avenue. She had been reading "Our Mutual Friend," but the volume now lay closed in her lap, and she was lost in meditation. Whether the reverie was induced by the book or not, I cannot say. It is not likely that it was, for our thoughts are unbidden guests that arrive at any moment, and without so much as a rap at the door to announce their coming. They lift the latch and walk in unceremoniously, no matter what we may be doing.

Clara was possibly twenty. Her figure was perfect in every proportion; and as she sat somewhat negligently leaning back, her arms extended in her lap, her feet outstretched from beneath the silken folds of her skirt, its exact contour was revealed. She was a glorious type of woman, rounded, but finely drawn in faultless lines. A certain grace, an inimitable manner, clothed every movement, every action, and made it seem the proper thing to do.

Her face was like the sky for varied expressions. At times it was stormy, cloudy and smiling, in rapid succession, and again, in a breath, perhaps

would be flashing and radiant. Her moods were capricious, and she built a hundred cloud palaces in an hour that second thought laid in ruins the next.

As she sat, her chin upon her breast, her eyes fixed and dreamy, her face wore a look of perfect quiet, seeming as placid and deep as a mountain lake on a windless day. It was a singularly beautiful face, strong, and full of subdued fire. Her lips were red as the flushed side of the peach; her cheeks full and fair; her eyes dark and large.

She wore slippers of blue satin, with gold-buckled rosettes. The Azurine dress fell away from these, disclosing the cream silk stocking about the lower part of an ankle so small that her bracelet would almost span it. Her white shoulder was in strong contrast with her dark brown hair, in whose folds was a bee of wrought gold, with a diamond head, sipping from a waxen flower.

Clara Lorraine had received attention from many worthy gentlemen, but in time they had all left her from various causes. There was a sting of satire under her words that she applied unmercifully where she thought it was deserved; and wishing to be loved for herself alone, she made victims of all those who she fancied sought her fortune.

Clara was thinking of Eldred Lawrence, one of her gentlemen acquaintances, who of late had been striving assiduously to become worthy in her eyes. She knew his family were wealthy past gainsaying, so he must seek her with honest motives. Consequently she put him under the microscope of her critical eye. He stood the test very well. He was young, handsome, educated. What more could a woman desire? Clara's father had said these identical words to her, and in her reverie they seemed to revolve in an orbit, repeating themselves to her again and again.

The previous evening this young man, while waiting in the drawing-room for Clara to come down, seated himself at the organ, and after running his fingers over the keys, struck off into a dirge-like melody, whose burden was George Arnold's words:

"Tis true the leaf is smooth and fine,
And growth with a goodly grace;
But here's wreaths, on brows like mine,
Were sadly out of place!

"I care not for such vanity;
I care not to prolong my name;
Since she whose love is life to me
Can never share my fame."

Clara waited at the door to hear the words before she entered the room. He arose from the seat at the organ very quickly, and taking her hand, bowed so low that his lips just touched her bracelet. She felt his mustache against her bare arm, and though it was a very trite thing, it thrilled her. Other men had so little influence over her that she was herself astonished. She began to wonder who this person was of whom Mr. Lawrence had been singing so dolorously. Perhaps after all there had been no echo in the singer's heart, and for the moment it was a semi-indifferent comfort to her that this was true. Half an hour later she blamed herself for her folly.

There are many well read, true men, who appear to disadvantage in conversation. Eldred Lawrence was one of those. He was not reserved enough to suit Miss Lorraine, and then he was so stupidly absent-minded, that if her esteem had been a thermometer, we might estimate his fall from the time the lady appeared at about twenty degrees.

These young people had met several times in society, and possessed a distant acquaintanceship not heightened by any apparent interest on either side, until the elder Lawrence made a grand hit in crude petroleum. This came to the ears of Clara's father, and at a recent party he managed as he fancied with the most consummate tact to have Eldred dance with his daughter several times. Now Clara that night was the fairest of all, and the young man was attracted. It would be hard to say he was in love; the belle said too many sarcastic things for that; but the condescension of the father flattered him.

So young Lawrence fell an easy prey into the hands of Clara's parent, but was brought to his senses by the daughter. To-night she had promised to go to the opera with him. I am aware that to go to the opera to many a maiden seems divine—perhaps the majority of girls who read this will wish they were in Clara's place—but she, cloyed with sweets, cared nothing about it. She knew most of the music by heart, and as for "Faust," she was so tired of "Faust," she told her maid, Bishop, to-day when she was putting up her hair, "That she would prefer going to Barnum's."

Clara had been reading of the Boffins, of Sloppy, Podsnap, and Wegg, in Dickens's novel, and the thought came to her, that names were as indigenous to authors as plants to climates. She wondered if the report was true that Dickens played croquet on Sunday. Then she took a leaf of paper and a pencil, and while drawing an exact copy of Sloppy as depicted by the artist Eytinge, wondered how Mr. Lawrence would appear in Sloppy's clothes. This is very trivial thought and occupation for a young woman of twenty perhaps, yet it was the best she was disposed to command at the moment. Yet what could she do? She had not learned from Jean Ingelow the pleasure of work; she had no care. She was only a butterfly sipping from the flower of life.

The room was lavishly and tastefully furnished, proving that an artistic appreciation and a deep purse had gone hand-in-hand in purchasing the articles. The apartment was frescoed, and hung with tapestry. The carpet was rich and yielding to the pressure of the foot. The ceiling was very high, and there was an arched niche for the organ. All the seats were gilt or rosewood-cushioned with amber satin brocade. The curtains were of the same material, lined with heavy golden silk.

The gas fixtures consisted of marble figures with ormolu pendants. The chandelier represented two circular choirs of angels, and the jets were so arranged as to appear like stars on the foreheads of each. The brackets on either side the organ were Cupids with bows drawn and arrows pointed, and the barb of each arrow was flame.

Dinner passed, and the evening came. Mr. Lawrence was punctual in his appointment, arriving with his *compé* just in season. After some small delay, caused by the stupidity of Bishop in mislaying a couple of Clara's diamond rings, the opera-bound young folks drove off, and soon reached the Academy.

A blaze of light, a gush of rapturous music, and the scintillation of a thousand jewels greeted them. They went directly to one of the proscenium boxes. Clara parted the curtains and glanced about, perfectly unconscious of the sensation her appearance created.

The first act was not yet concluded. Faust was drinking the fire from the golden cup, and Mephistopheles stood sneering by. The transformation occurred, and the music rose in exultation. When the scene closed, Clara turned her lorgnette to scrutinize the audience. She shrugged her shoulders; there were not as many wealthy families represented as usual. To be sure, there were the Misses Bristle, the great pork-dealer's daughters, Mr. Sniffory, who had displayed his patriotism during the war by cheating the government out of about two millions, and others too numerous to mention. Clara made an upright triangle in her mind, as Byron once did in his journal, a "Gradus ad Parnassum" of New York society, with the Stewarts, Astors, Vanderbilts and Drews on top, and people, "nameless here forevermore," beneath, among which, strange to say, she included herself.

As her eyes wandered about the house, they rested upon what to her was the vulgar portion of the audience, those who pay the smaller entrance fees, and have constant recourse to the librettos. In the front seat was a young man who at once enchaind her attention. His face was intelligent and manly, although there was a pensive shadow across it that seemed to be the offspring of some great sorrow. Clara was extremely sympathetic, and she pitied him at once. She drew him as near her as she could with her glass, but he seemed intent on the interlude, and did not appear to notice that she was observing him. His coat was undeniably seedy, but his linen was glossy and pure. A slight, black neck-tie, faultlessly knotted, was in contrast—a counterpart to the collar; as Coleridge says the sense of the word counterpart is, "Two forms that differ in order to correspond." Clara regretted that this unknown young man was not rich, and that he wore a seedy coat; but she admitted that he was very handsome. She turned to compare him with Lawrence, and that gentleman suffered.

This young man had such deep dark eyes, possessed such grace in every movement, had such fine complexion—in short, was so perfectly the image of Apollo, that Clara in heart was conquered at once. She sighed at the thought that she might never see him again. She resolved on something desperate. She stared right at him, lifted her point lace handkerchief by the middle with her thumb and forefinger, and wiped her lips, waving the costly fabric two or three times in the operation. In doing this she drew the curtain somewhat, so that not many could observe the manoeuvre. Lawrence noticed it, of course, but could not think there was any purpose in it, believing it far beneath the lady to flirt so publicly with any person.

The young man whose attention Clara desired to attract looked at her several times after this, and she caught his glance in each instance. He thought her superbly fair, and remembered, inopportunely at that especial moment, the advice of Satan to Shelley's translation. In the scene on the Hartz mountains, Faust inquires:

"Who is that yonder?
MEPHISTOPHELES. Mark her well. It is Lilith.
FAUST. Who?
MEPHISTOPHELES. Lilith, the first wife of Adam.
Beware of her fair hair, for she steals
All women in the magic of her looks,
And when she winds them round a young man's neck,
She will not ever set him free again."

The young man could not but admire the lady in the private box, and so was anxious to discover who she was. Say what you will, there are affinities in souls that when they meet, see, and know, and understand sometimes long before reason gets the telegram. This gentleman, his coat and a' that to the contrary, resolved to find out if it was indeed to him that the beautiful woman waved her handkerchief. So he wrote upon a scrap of paper:

"DEAR LADY—If I am the person you condescended to notice to-night, may I beg the pleasure of your acquaintance? My address is George Enderby, office of *Daily Press*, 29 Frankfort street."

And so the two plays went on, one upon the boards and one in the auditorium. The music arose and the sweet weird notes, like bird's, hovered about the ears, then escaped, and fled away to the south land of silence. Margaret, alone in her garden, sang the sweet song of love and the King of Thulé, the soldiers marched through the narrow street, and the brother had returned from the war. In the audience—

"There was the ruined Spendthrift
And Beauty in her prime;
There was the grave Historian,
And there the man of Rhyme,
And the surly Critic, front to front,
To see the play of Crime."

"And there was pompous Ignorance,
And Vice in Honiton lace;
Sir Croesus and Sir Pandarus,
And the music played space."

Enderby's mind was not very clear as to the manner in which he was to get his note to the young lady's hand, but fortune is good to the

bold, and he resolved at last to make the attempt. He waited at the door very patiently, but turned away at last in disappointment. He had missed the lady, or overlooked her in the crowd. He started homeward, but had not got any further than the corner before he saw a gentleman and lady standing upon the curb. Enderby came near them, and as the light fell on the lady's profile, he found it was the face of the prosconium box.

"Where can the stupid fellow be?"

There was no reply.

"It is very awkward, Miss Lorraine, for me to keep you here; but I really do not know what to do."

"Let us wait; perhaps he will come soon."

The voice was very sweet and clear, and as melodious as the horns of Elfland. Enderby divined at once the cause of the trouble. The gentleman's driver was not at hand. He resolved to assist him. He looked down the street and fancied he saw a carriage standing in the shadow. This, upon approaching, he discovered to be a very elegant private coupé. The driver was asleep on his seat, and the horses were tied. Enderby tried to wake up the snoring worthy, but with no success. He was drowsy and thick-tongued with liquor, so he took off his overcoat and recovered the shining tile from the bottom of the vehicle. He wrapped his own cloak about the driver, and gave him a comfortable berth under the robe and half under the seat. After untying the horses, the disguised *littérateur* drove off, and found the young people still waiting for him. He reined up before them in the most nonchalant manner.

"Is that you, Robert?" addressed to the driver.

"Yes, sir."

"Where have you been?"

"I was delayed, sir."

"I will look into your conduct to-morrow."

"Where shall I drive, sir?"

"Have you lost your wits? Did you not stop for a lady?"

Enderby was puzzled. He started up the street thinking, like Micawber, that perhaps something would turn up. As he drove along, he decided to make himself known in the following manner. One of the windows was open between the occupants of the coach and the driver. He drove close to the gaslight on the corner and stopped the equipage. Then he turned about, so that the light fell full upon his face, and said, putting his arm through the window:

"Here is a note for you, Miss Lorraine."

The lady took the note and glanced up at the speaker. She started suddenly. It was the same face she had seen at the opera! She began to associate several things in her mind, and from the complex mass evolved that this young man had caused the delay of the coupé by exchanging suits with Mr. Lawrence's driver, and that he did not know where her home was. So she said:

"Robert, drive to No. — Madison avenue."

The carriage went directly to her door. After depositing the lady, and after the gentleman had re-ensconced himself, the driver turned to him with the remark:

"I have done you a service, sir."

"I will talk with you when we get home."

"But you do not comprehend. I found your driver asleep, he is under the seat now, dead with intoxication. I changed coats and hats with him, and have officiated in his place."

"If this is true," said the gentleman, "I beg your pardon for my language. My name is Eldred Lawrence, and live at No. — Thirty-eighth street. You must go home with me and tell me who you are, and, if you will permit me the confidence, tell me from whom the note proceeds you gave to Miss Lorraine. You seem to know her."

"I beg to decline answering all questions. I wish to have you take the reins and drive yourself home. I have no desire to be your coachman any longer, and will get off here at once."

"But you will accept something for your service?"

"No, sir."

The carriage stopped. Enderby re-exchanged coats and hats, and bidding the other good-night, walked briskly away. Lawrence drove home with his drunken driver, troubled to think that perhaps another lover of Clara's had obtained an advantage over him. He was not without a hope, however, to discover who that lover was, very soon.

And Clara? She read the words on the meagre bit of paper over and over again until she knew them by heart. What a bold, clear hand! A scamp the young man must be to play such a trick on Lawrence, and all for the sake of discovering where she lived. She was pleased, and her face was flushed when she went to her boudoir and sleeping apartment. Here she stood before her pier-glass—a queen of wonder, superb in beauty, cultured, and rich. Then—but have you not read in Keats?—

"Her vespers done,
Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees;
Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one;
Loosens her fragrant bodice; by degrees
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees;
Half hidden like a mermaid in sea-weed,
Pensive while she dreams."

In the large, many-figured pictures by the old masters, there are only a few bold, perfectly colored heroes in the foreground. The rest stand in the shadow, and are vague and hard to be remembered. Every soul has its daily picture, filled with the forms of men and women it has met. Some of the figures are vague and in the shadow, but others stand out clear and bold. There were many people in the picture in Clara's mind, but the one prominent figure in the very foreground was Enderby, endowed, perhaps, with more perfections than he possessed.

So, dreaming of him, she slept; and he for return, in his cheap boarding-house down town, dreamed of another.

Taming a Tartar.

CHAPTER VII.

In Russia, from the middle of May to the 1st of August, there is no night. It is daylight till eleven, then comes a soft semi-twilight till one, when the sun rises. Through this gathering twilight we drove toward Volnoi. The prince let down the windows, and the summer air blew in refreshingly; the peace of the night soothed my perturbed spirit, and the long silences were fitly broken by some tender word from my companion, who, without approaching nearer, never ceased to regard me with eyes so full of love that, for the first time in my life, I dared not meet them.

It was near midnight when the carriage stopped, and I could discover nothing but a tall white pile in a wilderness of blooming shrubs and trees. Lights shone from many windows, and as the prince led me into a brilliantly lighted *salon*, the princess came smiling to greet me, exclaiming, as she embraced me with affection:

"Welcome, my sister. You see it is in vain to oppose Alexis. We must confess this, and yield gracefully; in truth, I am glad to keep you, *chère amie*, for without you we find life very dull."

"Madame mistakes; I never yield, and am here against my will."

I withdrew myself from her as I spoke, feeling hurt that she had not warned me of her brother's design. They exchanged a few words as I sat apart, trying to look dignified, but dying with sleep. The princess soon came to me, and it was impossible to resist her caressing manner as she begged me to go and rest, leaving all disagreements till the morrow. I submitted, and, with a silent salute to the prince, followed her to an apartment next her own, where I was soon asleep, lulled by the happy thought that I was not forgotten.

The princess was with me early in the morning, and a few moments' conversation proved to me that, so far from her convincing her brother of the folly of his choice, he had entirely won her to his side, and enlisted her sympathies for himself. She pleaded his suit with sisterly skill and eloquence, but I would pledge myself to nothing, feeling a perverse desire to be hardly won, if won at all, and a feminine wish to see my haughty lover thoroughly subdued before I put my happiness in to his keeping. I consented to remain for a time, and a servant was sent to Madame Yermoloff with a letter explaining my flight, and telling where to forward a portion of my wardrobe.

Professing herself satisfied for the present, and hopeful for the future, the princess left me to join her brother in the garden, where I saw them talking long and earnestly. It was pleasant to a lonely soul like myself to be so loved and cherished, and when I descended it was impossible to preserve the cold demeanor I had assumed, for all faces greeted me with smiles, all voices welcomed me, and one presence made the strange place seem like home. The prince's behavior was perfect, respectful, devoted and self-controlled; he appeared like a new being, and the whole household seemed to rejoice in the change.

Day after day glided happily away, for Volnoi was a lovely spot, and I saw nothing of the misery hidden in the hearts and homes of the hundred serfs who made the broad domain so beautiful. I seldom saw them, never spoke to them, for I knew no Russ, and in our drives the dull-looking peasantry possessed no interest for me. They never came to the house, and the prince appeared to know nothing of them beyond what his Stavosta, or steward reported. Poor Alexis! he had many hard lessons to learn that year, yet was a better man and master for them all, even the one which nearly cost him his life.

Passing through the hall one day, I came upon a group of servants lingering near the door of the apartment in which the prince gave his orders and transacted business. I observed that the French servants looked alarmed, the Russian ones fierce and threatening, and that Antoine, the valet of the prince, seemed to be eagerly dissuading several of the serfs from entering. As I appeared he exclaimed:

"Hold, he is saved! Mademoiselle will speak for him; she fears nothing, and she pities every one." Then, turning to me, he added, rapidly: "Mademoiselle will pardon us that we implore this favor of her great kindness. Ivan, through some carelessness, has permitted the favorite horse of the prince to injure himself fatally. He has gone in to confess, and we fear for his life, because Monsieur le Prince loved the fine beast well, and will be in a fury at the loss. He killed poor Androvitch for a less offense, and we tremble for Ivan. Will mademoiselle intercede for him? I fear harm to my master if Ivan suffers, for these fellows swear to avenge him."

Without a word I opened the door and entered quietly. Ivan was on his knees, evidently awaiting his doom with dogged submission. A pair of pistols lay on the table, and near it stood the prince, with the dark flush on his face, the terrible fire in his eyes which I had seen before. I saw there was no time to lose, and going to him, looked up into that wrathful countenance, whispering in a warning tone:

"Remember poor Androvitch."

It was like an electric shock; he started, shuddered, and turned pale; covered his face a moment and stood silent, while I saw drops gather on his forehead and his hand clench itself spasmodically. Suddenly he moved, flung the pistols through the open window, and turning on Ivan, said, with a forceful gesture:

"Go. I pardon you."

The man remained motionless as if bewildered, till I touched him, bidding him thank his master and begone.

"No, it is you I thank, good angel of the house," he muttered, and lifting a fold of my dress to his lips Ivan hurried from the room.

I looked at the prince; he was gravely watching us, but a smile touched his lips as he echoed

the man's last words, "'Good angel of the house;' yes, in truth you are. Ivan is right, he owes me no thanks; and yet it was the hardest thing I ever did to forgive him the loss of my noble Sophron."

"But you did forgive him, and whether he is grateful or not, the victory is yours. A few such victories and the devil is cast out for ever."

He seized my hand, exclaiming in a tone of eager delight:

"You believe this? You have faith in me, and rejoice that I conquer this cursed temper, this despotic will?"

"I do; but I still doubt the subjection of the will," I began; he interrupted me by an impatient—

"Try it; ask anything of me and I will submit." "Then let me return to St. Petersburg at once, and do not ask to follow."

He had not expected this, it was too much; he hesitated, demanding, anxiously:

"Do you really mean it?"

"Yes."

"You wish to leave me, to banish me now when you are all in all to me?"

"I wish to be free. You have promised to obey; yield your will to mine and let me go."

He turned and walked rapidly through the room, paused a moment at the further end, and coming back, showed me such an altered face that my conscience smote me for the cruel test. He looked at me in silence for an instant, but I showed no sign of relenting, although I saw what few had ever seen, those proud eyes wet with tears. Bending, he passionately kissed my hands, saying, in a broken voice:

"Go, Sybil. I submit."

"Adieu, my friend; I shall not forget," and without venturing another look I left him.

I had hardly reached my chamber and resolved to end the struggle for both of us, when I saw the prince gallop out of the court-yard like one trying to escape from some unfortunate remembrance or care.

"Return soon to me," I cried; "the last test is over and the victory won."

Alas, how little did I foresee what would happen before that return; how little did he dream of the dangers that encompassed him.

A tap at my door roused me as I sat in the twilight an hour later, and Claudine crept in, so pale and agitated that I started up, fearing some mishap to the princess.

"No, she is well and safe, but oh, mademoiselle, a fearful peril hangs over us all. Hush! I will tell you. I have discovered it, and we must save them."

"Save who? what peril? speak quickly."

"Mademoiselle knows that the people on the estate are poor ignorant brutes who hate the Stavosta, and have no way of reaching the prince except through him. He is a hard man; he oppresses them, taxes them heavily unknown to the prince, and they believe my master to be a tyrant. They have borne much, for when we are away the Stavosta rules here, and they suffer frightfully. I have lived long in Russia, and I hear many things whispered that do not reach the ears of my lady. These poor creatures bear long, but at last they rebel, and some fearful affair occurs, as at Bagat, where the countess, a cruel woman, was one night seized by her serfs, who burned and tortured her to death."

"Good heavens! Claudine, what is this danger which menaces us?"

"I understand Russ, mademoiselle, have quick eyes and ears, and for some days I perceive that all is not well among the people. Ivan is changed; all look dark and threatening but old Vacil. I watch and listen, and discover that they mean to attack the house and murder the prince."

"Mon Dieu! but when?"

"I knew not till to-day. Ivan came to me and said, 'Mademoiselle Varna has saved my life. I am grateful. I wish to serve her. She came here against her will; she desires to go; the prince is away; I will provide a horse to-night at dusk, and she can join her friend Madame Yermoloff, who is at Baron Narod's, only a verst distant. Say this to mademoiselle, and if she agrees, drop a signal from her window. I shall see and understand.'"

"But why think that the attack is to be to-night?"

"Because Ivan was so anxious to remove you. He urged me to persuade you, for the prince is gone, and the moment is propitious. You will go, mademoiselle?"

"No; I shall not leave the princess."

"But you can save us all by going, for at the baron's you can procure help and return to defend us before these savages arrive. Ivan will believe you safe, and you can thwart their plans before the hour comes. Oh, mademoiselle, I conjure you to do this, for we are watched, and you alone will be permitted to escape."

A moment's thought convinced me that this was the only means of help in our power, and my plans were quickly laid. It was useless to wait for the prince, as his return was uncertain; it was unwise to alarm the princess, as she would betray all; the quick-witted Claudine and myself must do the work, and trust to heaven for success. I dropped a handkerchief from my window; a tall figure emerged from the shrubbery, and vanished, whispering:

"In an hour—at the chapel gate."

At the appointed time I was on the spot, and found Ivan holding the well-trained horse I often rode. It was nearly dark—for August brought night—and it was well for me, as my pale face would have betrayed me.

"Mademoiselle has not fear? If she dares not go alone I will guard her," said Ivan, as he mounted me.

"Thanks. I fear nothing. I have a pistol, and it is not far. Liberty is sweet. I will venture much for it."

"I also," muttered Ivan.

He gave me directions as to my route, and

watched me ride away, little suspecting my errand.

How I rode that night! My blood tingles again as I recall the wild gallop along the lonely road, the excitement of the hour, and the resolve to save Alexis or die in the attempt. Fortunately I found a large party at the baron's, and electrified them by appearing in their midst, disheveled, breathless and eager with my tale of danger. What passed I scarcely remember, for all was confusion and alarm. I refused to remain, and soon found myself dashing homeward, followed by a gallant troop of five and twenty gentlemen. More time had been lost than I knew, and my heart sunk as a dull glare shone from the direction of Volnoi as we strained up the last hill.

Reaching the top, we saw that one wing was already on fire, and distinguished a black, heaving mass on the lawn by the flickering torchlight. With a shout of wrath the gentlemen spurred to the rescue, but I reached the chapel gate unseen, and entering, flew to find my friends. Claudine saw me and led me to the great saloon, for the lower part of the house was barricaded. Here I found the princess quite insensible, guarded by a flock of terrified French servants, and Antoine and old Vacil endeavoring to screen the prince, who, with reckless courage, exposed himself to the missiles which came crashing against the windows. A red light filled the room, and from without arose a yell from the infuriated mob more terrible than any wild beast's howl.

As I sprang in, crying, "They are here—the baron and his friends—you are safe!" all turned toward me as if every other hope was lost. A sudden lull without, broken by the clash of arms, verified my words, and with one accord we uttered a cry of gratitude. The prince flung up the window to welcome our deliverers; the red glare of the fire made him distinctly visible, and as he leaned out with a ringing shout, a hoarse voice cried menacingly:

"Remember poor Androvitch."

It was Ivan's voice, and as it echoed my words there was the sharp crack of a pistol, and the prince staggered back, exclaiming faintly:

"I forgive him; it is just."

We caught him in our arms, and as Antoine laid him down he looked at me with a world of love and gratitude in those magnificent eyes of his, whispering as the light died out of them:

"Always our good angel. Adieu, Sybil. I submit."

How the night went after that I neither knew nor cared, for my only thought was how to keep life in my lover till help could come. I learned afterward that the sight of such an unexpected force caused a panic among the serfs, who fled or surrendered at once. The fire was extinguished, the poor princess conveyed to bed, and the conquerors departed, leaving a guard behind. Among the gentlemen there fortunately chanced to be a surgeon, who extracted the ball from the prince's side.

I would yield my place to no one, though the baron implored me to spare myself the anguish of the scene. I remained steadfast, supporting the prince till all was over; then, feeling that my strength was beginning to give way, I whispered to the surgeon, that I might take a little comfort away with me:

"He will live? His wound is not fatal?"

The old man shook his head, and turned away, muttering regretfully:

"There is no hope; say farewell, and let him go in peace, my poor child."

The room grew dark before me, but I had strength to draw the white face close to my own, and whisper tenderly:

"Alexis, I love you, and you alone. I confess my cruelty; oh, pardon me, before you die!"

A look, a smile full of the intensest love and joy, shone in the eyes that silently met mine as consciousness deserted me.

ONE month from that night I sat in that same saloon a happy woman, for on the couch, a shadow of his former self but alive and out of danger, lay the prince, my husband. The wound was not fatal, and love had worked a marvelous cure. While life and death still fought for him, I yielded to his prayer to become his wife, that he might leave me the protection of his name, the rich gift of his rank and fortune. In my remorse I would have granted anything, and when the danger was passed rejoiced that nothing could part us again.

As I sat beside him my eyes wandered from his tranquil face to the garden where the princess sat singing among the flowers, and then passed to the distant village where the wretched serfs drugged their lives away in ignorance and misery. They were mine now, and the weight of this new possession burdened my soul.

"I cannot bear it; this must be changed."

"It shall."

Unconsciously I had spoken aloud, and the prince had answered without asking to know my thoughts.

"What shall be done, Alexis?" I said, smiling, as I caressed the thin hand that lay in mine.

"Whatever you desire. I do not wait to learn the wish, I promise it shall be granted."

"Rash as ever; have you, then, no will of your own?"

"None; you have broken it."

"Good; hear then my wish. Liberate your serfs; it afflicts me as a free-born Englishwoman to own men and women. Let them serve you if they will, but not through force or fear. Can you grant this, my prince?"

"I do; the Stavosta is already gone, and they know I pardon them. What more, Sybil?"

"Come with me to England, that I may show my countrymen the brave barbarian I have tamed."

My eyes were full of happy tears, but the old tormenting spirit prompted the speech. Alexis frowned, then laughed, and answered, with a glimmer of his former imperious pride:

"I might boast that I also had tamed a fiery spirit, but I am humble, and content myself with the knowledge that the proudest woman ever born has promised to love, honor, and—"

"Not obey you," I broke in with a kiss.

THE END.

Table-Rapping Three
Hundred Years Ago.

It is a mistake to suppose those mysterious signs which many affirm they have witnessed in recent pretended mesmeric representations are a fanciful imagination or discovery of modern date. Whatever degree of credit may be conceded to them now, they were certainly heard of three centuries ago.

In the "Histoire de Francois I.," the following narrative appears:

Louise de Mesmin, wife of Francis de Mesmin, prevot of Orleans, died 1533. It was her wish to be buried in that city where the Saint Mesmin, as benefactors of the convent, had a sepulchre of their own. Respecting the last request of his wife, the husband gave her a very modest funeral, for which he paid the Cordeliers six crowns, a very reasonable sum for the time, but was too small to satisfy their greediness. They wished to have a share in a fall of wood which he was about to cut down, and on his refusal to meet their wishes in this respect, determined to revenge the offense. It was known that Saint Mesmin had fondly loved his deceased partner, and they imagined that nothing could distress him more than to persuade him that she was among the damned. The cheats were blinded by their malevolence, and spoiled their own game. It was in purgatory that they should have placed the soul of the poor lady, and claimed the whole fall of timber to procure her enlargement. In their fury, they determined on declaring that she was in hell. A young monk, a novice, was instructed to carry out a scheme for making it believed that the lost one had herself revealed the fearful secret. Father d'Arras, the guardian, caused the novice to be stationed over the vault of the church in which the remains of the departed Louisa were deposited. A hole had been carefully prepared, through which what was said below could be heard. At midnight, the monks being assembled in the choir, were commencing to sing their matins, when they were repeatedly interrupted by a frightful noise which came from the depth of the vault. Father d'Arras proceeded to exorcise—to conjure the evil spirit, but his efforts were only responded to by a noise still more dismal than the sound that had previously startled them, and by inarticulate cries which seemed to indicate an impotent desire to speak. In this state of things, d'Arras undertaking to address the spirit, spoke thus:



A LESSON FOR WIVES.

Mrs. Briggs (who has just turned into the lane)—"Now, Briggs, if you're the spirit of a man you'll make that farmer back out; he must have seen us before we turned into the lane."

BRIGGS (timidly)—"My dear, you're mistaken, we have only just turned into the lane, and he is nearly through."

CONSIDERATE FARMER—"Never mind, sir—all right, I can feel for you. I've got just such another vizen at home—I'll back, sir."

"May it not be asked that thou art lost through receiving into thy heart the heresy of Luther?"

The spirit agreed that such was the awful fact, and further admitted that in life she had been too fond of fine dresses, and in short, owned to being wholly unworthy of ecclesiastical burial; that in truth she deserved to be most ignominiously exhumed.

This scene was repeated on many succeeding nights. At first only the most simply devout were admitted to the performance; but in proportion as credulity made progress, the monks became more bold. d'Arras preached publicly that Louisa de Mesmin had made known to them her state and the cause of her damnation. Another Cordelier preached to the same effect in another parish in the diocese.

The Cordeliers did not proceed to exhumation, notwithstanding such a step was authorized by the confessions of the ghost. They continued to admit the curious to witness a repetition of the scene which has been described. The fame of the revelations made by the condemned sinner increased, till at length official digni-

ties attended, in order to verify the facts reported. When they were present, however, there was a failure.

They heard a frightful noise, but the capricious spirit could not be induced to make any sign, though solemnly called upon to do so by d'Arras. The fact was, the table had been reversed, could not be replaced at the moment, and the novice in the vault was unable to continue his responses. The disappointed visitors thought of proceeding to the vault, but this was opposed by d'Arras, who urged that such a step might derange the spirit. The force thus acted led to a serious trial. Saint Mesmin complained that the Cordeliers had disturbed the ashes of his wife; the Cordeliers insisted that the spirit of the deceased lady had disturbed them. The case was tried before Nicolas Quelin, president of the parliament, and Adam Fumée, master of requests. The novice who had acted so important a part in the vault was suspected and examined. He long denied that he had anything to do with it, being afraid, if he told the truth, the Cordeliers would assassinate him. Assured of adequate protection, he at last confessed the whole imposture, and the Cordeliers were banished or imprisoned.

discovered at a distance a huge bull encircled with a gang of white wolves. We drove up as near as we could without driving them away; and, being within pistol-shot, we had a remarkable good view, where I sat for a few moments and made a sketch in my note-book, after which we rode up and gave the signal for them to disperse—which they instantly did, withdrawing themselves to the distance of fifty or sixty rods; when we found to our great surprise, that the animal had made a desperate resistance, until his eyes were entirely eaten out of his head, the gristle of his nose was mostly gone, his tongue was half eaten off, and the skin and flesh of his legs was torn almost literally into strings. In this tattered and torn condition, the poor old buffalo stood bracing up in the midst of his devourers, who had ceased hostilities for a few minutes to enjoy a sort of parley, recovering strength and preparing to resume the attack in a few moments. In this group were some reclining to gain breath, whilst others were sneaking about and licking their chops in anxiety for a renewal of the attack; and others, less lucky, had been crushed



Slim signs articles of agreement to walk from the City Hall to Cooper Institute, against time and accidents, as follows: Time, 1 hour 40 m.; Stakes, \$10; Route, Chatham Street and Bowery.

"Since thou art a mute, reply by signs, to what I am about to ask. When thou wishest to respond affirmatively, thou shalt strike twice on the table near thee; silence shall be taken for a negative."

Several questions of little or no importance were now asked, to which the spirit offered no answer. d'Arras then proceeded to inquire:

"Art thou the soul of one of the bodies interred in this church?"

The spirit struck twice the number of raps prescribed by the pious father. d'Arras then repeated the names of several deceased persons, taking care not to mention the one respecting which he desired to obtain a special revelation. These inquiries were fruitless. At length he demanded:

"Art thou not the soul of Louisa de Mesmin, wife of the prevot of this city?"

The spirit replied "Yes," by rapping on the table.

"Art thou in heaven?" was the next question.

No answer.

"In purgatory?"

Something worse than that was signified by signs duly repeated.

"How!" exclaimed the reverend father. "What, in hell?"

"Yes," was solemnly rapped.

"And why?"

Here d'Arras supposed a number of causes, taking care not to touch on the one he meant to treat as the fatal sin, which had led the sinner to perdition. The way being duly prepared for the further important inquiry:



Slim meets with a slight detention in shape of Chatham Street Jews, who mistake his pedestrian suit for a scanty wardrobe.



Which raises a hue and cry of "stop thief" from an army of boot-blacks.



Is detained 10 minutes 10 seconds corner of Chatham Street and New Bowery by a fire.



Mr. Slim loses stakes and reputation, in consequence of over officiousness of the vigilant police.



In endeavoring to make up lost time overturns a peanut stand, corner of Bowery and Grand.

to death by the feet or horns of the bull. I rode nearer to the pitiable object as he stood bleeding and trembling before me, and said to him, 'Now is your time, old fellow, and you had better be off!' Though blind and nearly destroyed, there seemed evidently to be a recognition of a friend in me, as he straightened up, and, trembling with excitement, dashed off at full speed upon the prairie in a straight line.

"We turned our horses and resumed our march; and, when we had advanced a mile or more, we looked back and on our left, where we saw again the ill-fated animal surrounded by his tormentors, to whose insatiable voracity he unquestionably soon fell a victim."

In Dresden albumenized paper is now being made in very large quantities, and is considered the best, by reason of the excellent and regular manner in which it is produced. Although scarcely four years ago the trade was unknown, the city is now manufacturing at the rate of upward of 6,000 reams per annum, a quantity that would suffice to print more than 120,000,000 photographs of the size known as *carte de visite*. The albumen is extracted from the white of new-laid eggs, and nearly 2,000,000 eggs are consumed, the yolks of which are used by tanners for preparing the finer kinds of leathers. After preparation, the paper is carefully assorted, and from ten to fifteen per cent is thrown out, but is made available by the Dresden printers for color printing.

The iron mines at Lake Superior are becoming a property of great value. In 1856 they produced 11,994 tons of ore, which in 1866 had increased to 247,282 tons. The iron deposits are said to be very extensive and are easily worked.

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Thrilling Adventure at Sea—Miraculous Escape.

A few days ago a small yacht of five tons burden started from Beaufort, S. C., for Savannah, having on board a cargo of rice. Shortly after starting a fearful gale sprung up, which increased in severity until it became a perfect hurricane. The little craft was stripped of every particle of sail and rigging by the wind, and the crew felt that a desperate struggle be-

and the crew prepared for their final struggle for life. The yacht was steered toward the large craft, and after an hour came up to it. The storm was so violent that no boats could be lowered with safety, but at a given signal, when the yacht was lifted high above the

down shortly after, as there was nearly two feet of water in her at the time she was abandoned.

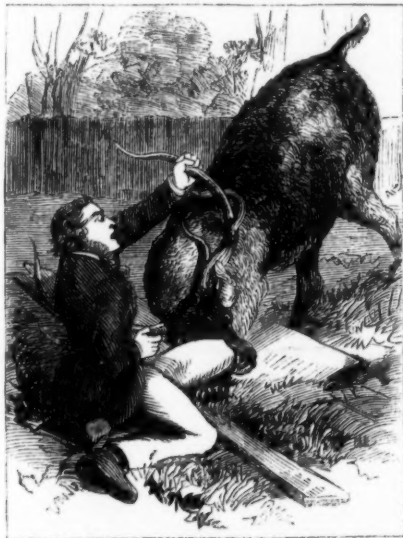
A Hard Struggle with a Buck.

From St. Paul, Minnesota, we receive the following account of a perilous escape from an American deer:

artist had sufficient presence of mind to grasp the horns of the infuriated animal, and retain his hold, until, after many gyrations, twistings and turnings, he came close to the fence, when he quickly put that obstacle between him and his antagonist. His clothing was considerably torn, and his injuries are painful, though not dangerous. It was a narrow escape from death, and an experiment not likely to be undertaken again by the same parties.



THE DEPARTURE FOR LIBERIA OF FREEDMEN FROM COLUMBIA, S. C.



A HARD STRUGGLE WITH A BUCK.

tween life and a horrible death was about to take place. In half an hour the yacht was driven rapidly past the lightship off Martin's Industry, and the crew joined in agonizing shouts for deliverance. Every suggestion of the party had been tested, and every muscle strained to avert an awful death, but without success. Away from the lightship, and out at sea sped the yacht, and the last ray of hope was extinguished. The next evening the outlines of an approaching vessel were seen,



AFFECTION OF A DOG.

schooner by the waves, each of the men gave a leap for life in stern reality, and alighted upon the deck of the ship. Nothing more was seen of the yacht, owing to the darkness of the night, and it is supposed she went

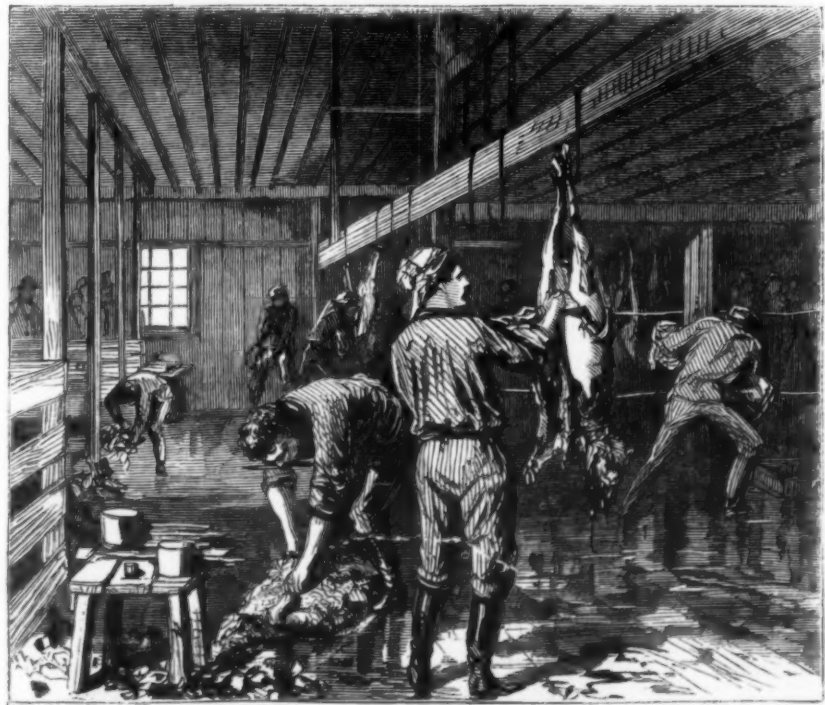
an artist visited the enclosure containing two deer, for the purpose of drawing the buck, and while engaged in sketching was attacked and thrown down, receiving a painful wound in the leg from the buck's horns. The



COWHIDED BY A WOMAN.

Sheep Slaughtering at Communipaw, New Jersey.

Friendly contests between professionals in the different vocations and amusements of life are on the steady increase, and almost every season witnesses some new and wonderful exploit. The exercises of lifting heavy weights are being revived, base-ball matches have lost none of their popularity or excitement, pedestrianism has its votaries both male and female, and accomplished skaters are becoming as common as mosquitoes in summer. The latest innovation in sporting events was ex-



GREAT SHEEP SLAUGHTERING MATCH, AT COMMUNIPAW, N. J.



TERRIFIC CONTEST OF WILD BEASTS.

Admitted at Communipaw on the 25th of November last, in the form of a sheep-slaughtering match between five butchers of Washington market. The wager was, that Timothy O'Keefe and Rodger Gorman would kill, dress, and prepare for market, seventy-five sheep and fifty lambs, in less time than three fellow-butchers could dress the same number. The match commenced at 10 o'clock, and after the lapse of four hours and thirty-two minutes O'Keefe threw down his knife, declaring himself the winner by two sheep. There were very few spectators admitted during the contest, and no excitement or betting were permitted. It is said by those who are good authority, that it requires rare ability to kill and dress one hundred and twenty-five sheep in seven hours, railroad work to do the same in six hours, and lightning speed to accomplish it in five hours or less. O'Keefe was duly acknowledged the most expert dresser of the five, and will probably be fed by his sanguine brothers at an early day.

The Departure for Liberia of Freedmen.

Considerable excitement was recently occasioned by the departure of over five hundred freedmen from Charleston, S. C., for the new colony at Liberia. The procession was headed by drums, flagpole, and a large flag, and the emigrants seemed to be in the best humor and sanguine of success in their new country. They were sent out under the auspices of the American Colonization Society, which usually dispatches a vessel twice a year for the purpose, and the expenses of the trip are paid by the Government. There were six hundred more soliciting a passage to the colony, but the society were unable to accommodate them.

Affection of a Dog.

We have frequently heard of one species of the feathered tribe exercising a maternal care over members of an entirely different family, and the instances have been regarded as very remarkable. The idea of a dog voluntarily assuming the protectorship of a brood of chickens, and interesting himself in relieving their necessities, would be deemed preposterous, although the sagacity of the canine race has more than once astonished man. We have before us a curious evidence of the affection of a dog manifested toward a large brood of bantam and guinea chickens at Egg Harbor City, New Jersey. The old hen had suddenly died, leaving the brood without any means of subsistence or shelter. As the tender chickens were wandering about the barnyard in search of food, they came upon a valuable dog, that was in the habit of sleeping near the roost in the day-time. One by one they nestled around him, and by the warmth of his body were kept alive. On awakening, the dog appeared to appreciate the responsibilities that had devolved upon him, and curled himself in a manner that would afford the greatest amount of comfort to the motherless chickens. The guardian has continued to manifest the utmost care for his charge, scratching the gravel and sand for them, watching them faithfully during the day, and sleeping with them in their roost at night.

Terrific Contest of Wild Beasts.

On the occasion of the transfer of the Southern branch of the Barnum & Van Amburgh Museum and Menagerie from Montgomery to Mobile, a railroad accident liberated the beasts and occasioned an extraordinary and terrific combat. The cages of the Himalaya bear, the Bengal tiger, the Thibet bear and Brazilian tiger were as much shattered as to liberate the occupants, and permit them to escape to the adjoining forest, where they were speedily attracted by the carcass of a deer that had been killed by the casualty. Over this *bonne-bouche* the fierce creatures snarled, growled and fought for four hours, the terrified keepers not daring to interfere, until the participants in the fight had satisfied the cravings of appetite. After dinner the beasts became good friends and had a game of play, no doubt acknowledging each other's prowess in war. During their gamboling they were secured by lassos and ropes, preventing any subsequent outbreak. By this accident the company lost two lions, a panther and a leopard, all very valuable beasts.

Cowhided by a Woman.

Some time ago a German lady, having respectable connections in New Orleans, deposited \$1,000 with a firm of cotton factors and commission merchants for safe keeping. The firm recently failed; the lady called for payment of the money deposited, and was not only refused but was forcibly ejected from the office by one of the firm. Meeting this man in the street, and being prepared to inflict punishment, she gave the late merchant a good lashing with that severest of whips, a good cowhide, he endeavoring to fence her weapon off with his cane. Of course this rather singular encounter attracted quite a crowd, among which were a number of brokers. The sympathies of the lookers-on were, as a matter of course, with the heroine of the dramatic scene, and there was a disposition to let her give it to him in good style. He finally fled, pursued by the hisses of the crowd. While whipping him, she exclaimed several times, in German: "You swindler! You have robbed me of a thousand dollars!"

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